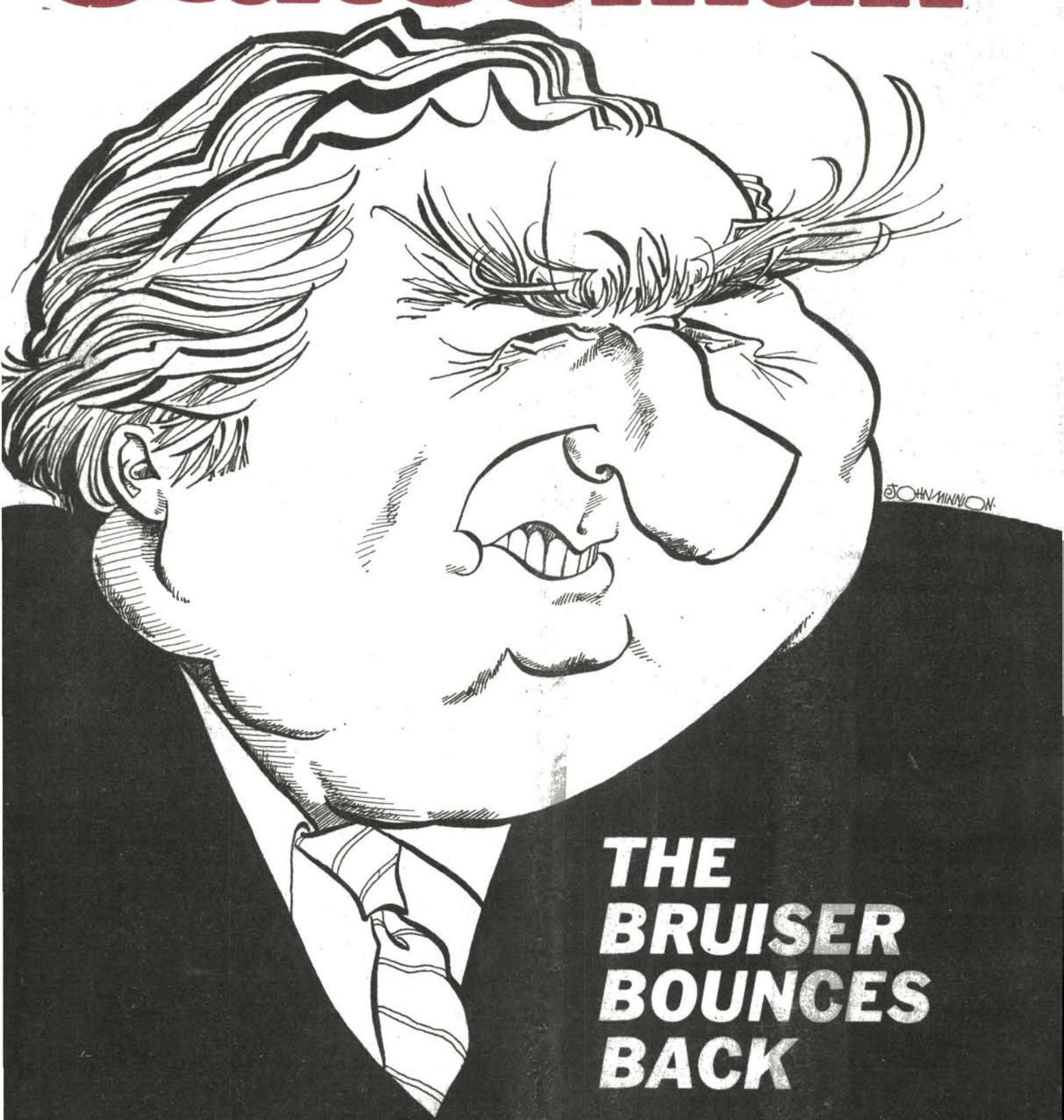
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Display Copy
MAR 25 1985

1 March 1985 80p IR£1.29 US$1.50 By Air

New Statesman



THE BRUISER BOUNCES BACK

PLUS: Selling off mines • Jenkin's rate fiasco • Nuclear-free Pacific • Opus Dei • Books • Arts

LICENSED TO UNZ DEG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Statesman

Cover drawing: John Minnion

The Bruiser is Back
Martin Linton looks at the reasons for the rise and rise of Denis Healey 8

NEWS 4-6

HOME

Peter Kellner: any Budget help for the family? 7
William Johnson and Michael Synnott assess the public health scandal of crumbling sewers and the financial crisis behind it 9
Mark Hollingsworth: privatising the pits 12
Anna Coote: union ballots good for Labour? 13
Tony Travers: government losing its footing in rates wrangle 14

FOREIGN

Jane Dibblin: US nuclear policy in Pacific 18
Nicholas Perry: Opus Dei, Catholic Mafia 20
Elfi Pallas: Israel's economic miracle or mirage? 21

WEEKEND

Dzidka Tendyra: Women and the politics of queueing in Poland 24

BOOKS

Nicci Gerrard: Emma Goldman 27
Roger Lewis: Fiction 28
Zareer Masani: India 29
Michael Heffernan: Böll's memoirs 30
Shorter reviews 31

ARTS

Francis Wheen: Films 32
Stephanie Jordan: Dance 32
Benedict Nightingale: Theatre 33
Andrew Clements: Music 34
Peter Dormer: Art 34

BACKCHAT

M. H. Ryle: Cycling in Tuscany 35
Naseem Khan: Work in progress considers the arts and disabled people 36
Hugo Williams: Television 36
Salamanca 37
Weekend competition 38

PLUS

Mediawatch: Anne Karpf 16
Diary: Islander 17
Roger Woddis 17
Letters 22
Slump 22
Feedback: Sanjoy Roy-Chowdhury 23

NEXT WEEK

John Griffith on miners and the law
Rob Edwards on the end of the Sizewell enquiry
Anne Corbett on France's reaction to neo-fascism
Steven Rose considers the nature of science
Barney Hoskyns reviews a new book about the Rolling Stones

New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU
Tel: 01-253 2001/Editorial 01-253 2003
Telex: 28449/Cables: Newstat, London EC1
© 1985 Statesman & Nation Publishing Co Ltd & contributors
Published and distributed by The Statesman & Nation Publishing Co Ltd

Editor: Hugh Stephenson; **Deputy Editor:** Sarah Benton; **News Editor:** Andrew Lumsden; **Editorial staff:** Duncan Campbell, Jane Dibblin, Rob Edwards (Scotland), Peter Kellner (Political editor), John Rentoul, Claudia Wright (Washington); **Literary Editor:** Gillian Wilce; **Deputy Literary Editor:** Harriett Gilbert; **Production Manager:** Joanne Hurst; **Layout & design:** Vicky Hutchings; **Editorial Assistant:** Jane Thomas

Subscriptions: Cecilia Milton, Joan Scanlon; **Circulation:** Liz Cooper, Susan Dineley, John Duncan (London); **Display advertisements:** Michael Roberts (01-253 2001); **Classified advertisements:** Laura Berryman, David Jones (01-251 5487)

Subscription rates: UK & Eire £37; Europe (air mail only) £41; rest of world: air speeded £41; air mail £52. USA: air speeded $62; air mail $83. Canada: air speeded Can $72; air mail Can $97.

Second class postage paid at New York, NY USPS 382260. Air freight in US by Speedimpex USA Inc. (US Postmaster: Address changes should be sent to New Statesman, Speedimpex USA Inc., 45-45 39th Street, Long Island City, NY 11104)

Unsolicited manuscripts and artwork will only be returned if an SAE is enclosed.

New Statesman

Vol 109 No 2815 1 March 1985

'Star wars' Maggie goes to Washington

IT IS BEING said that intense argument went on at the highest levels before Mrs Thatcher went on her rather humiliating little pilgrimage to Washington. It centred on what she should say to the President about his Star Wars progamme.

When she got there, whatever the arguments had been in Downing Street, she went out of her way to give the impression of unqualified British support for the initiative on which the President's speech writers have set his heart. On her return, though, it is being said that the Thatcher government still has grave reservations about the whole project, but has been persuaded that the United States lags behind the Soviet Union in Star Wars research. So research should be supported, but we reserve our position firmly on eventual deployment.

What are the realities behind the unsubtle Thatcher courtship of the ageing Thespian in the White House? As might be expected, they are a mixture of self-important posturing and grubby commerce. Both aspects totally ignore the truly critical issue — the future of the US-Soviet arms control talks, due to start in Geneva next month.

The political purpose of the Thatcher visit was to try to demonstrate — red carpet treatment (super grade), invitation to address a joint session of Congress (very exceptional), public exchanges of warm personal toasts and other sweet nothings — that at the start of Reagan's second term the Atlantic Alliance is alive and well and that the United Kingdom is its second pillar. Mrs Thatcher would have scuppered all of that if she had said what she should have done in public about Star Wars.

The present posture of the Reagan Administration on the international nuclear arms race is a disaster. It is based on a complete failure of perception about how the rest of the world — friend and foe alike — sees the inexorable onward drive of the US military — industrial complex. The reality is, as it always has been, that the United States has an enormous techological lead over the Soviet Union in every significant sphere; that the Soviet economy is hugely strained by the current arms race; and that the US has by a factor of hundreds enough credible 'second strike' capacity to destroy civilisation in the Soviet Union, so that a Soviet 'first strike' would be an act of insanity.

Yet time and again, behind the argument of some supposed 'missile gap' or 'window of vulnerability', the military-industrial complex persuades the White House and the Congress to support yet another development. This time two further elements have been added to the equation. The first is the argument that the Strategic Defense Initiative is the development to end all developments. Envoys from Washington today seem genuinely surprised that everyone else is not enthusiastically behind a project that seems to hold out the hope of preventing any Soviet missile ever travelling through space and landing in the United States.

The second element is the argument, tailored for the likes of Mrs Thatcher, that it is only by upping the stakes all the time *and* by making it clear that the United States has all the aces that the Soviet Union will be induced to make negotiating concessions at Geneva. It was NATO's deployment of cruise and Pershing, this

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

argument runs, that has forced Moscow back to the Geneva negotiating table — an argument which, incidentally, ignores the fact that it was the same deployment which caused Moscow to leave the table in the first place.

So captive is the Reagan administration to the military industrial complex that its envoys again genuinely appear unable to see what the effect of the Star Wars initiative must be on the Soviet Union. They either cannot or will not imagine how the White House would react if the roles had been reversed. They appear not to understand foreign concern at the cavalier attitude implied by Star Wars towards the 1972 Anti-Ballistic Missile Treaty.

IN THE SHORT term the Star Wars initiative is so obviously destabilising to the psychology of superpower disarmament negotiations that the prospect of substantive progress at Geneva is nil. In the longer term, as the initiative moves from pipedream to something more concrete, it will begin to undermine the foundations of NATO. It is not unduly cynical to believe that there are some Fortress America adherents in the Administration who would be content on both counts.

The commercial reason why Mrs Thatcher wished to ingatiate herself over Star Wars was two-fold. The British defence industry believes that it missed an opportunity by failing to be involved in the earlier US race for the moon. It wants now to try for substantial pickings from Star Wars. In particular it want to be in on the vast new generation of computer, electronic and communications technology that will be involved and its share of the $20 billion plus of research contracts likely to be up for grabs.

At a more mundane level Mrs Thatcher was operating as front person and lobbyist for British firms trying to get US defence orders — for Martin-Baker ejection seats, 'Ptarmigan' field communications systems, 105 mm guns and the rest. Her performance with Ronnie and the Congress was in part designed to ease the way for these contracts. Alderman Roberts's daughter understands the way this kind of business is done. □

Of AIDS, gays and repression

NORMAN FOWLER should resign — of course, he won't — because of the total inadequacy of official response to AIDS. With little or no access to public information channels, gays have done far more to tell each other and to warn about AIDS transmission other than by sexual intercourse, for over two years, than has government — until it at last set up the Special Advisory Committee on AIDS last week. Naturally none of those in gay organisations who have worked on informing, warning and caring has yet been co-opted onto that committee.

This week there has been a lull, which it would be optimistic to think permanent, in the 'moral panic' to which Health Ministry negligence has so amply contributed. It is a moment, without forgetting the urgency of the medical fight against AIDS and the care of all who may suffer from it, to speak out against the surge of homophobia which has been so ugly a feature of that panic. The recent spate of refusals or objections to work where gay men may be involved — voiced predominantly in the heavily 'masculine' occupations from prison-warders to taxi-drivers, even by printers — contains its ingredients of 'straight' male solidarity against the gay man. (So does the average level of comment in pubs.) In the mass media and in the openly right-wing quality press those who no longer feel free to express or, surely, even feel their gorges rise at the sight of Jews in ringlets in Hatton Garden or blacks in dreadlocks in Brixton, happily make of gays a final enemy, asserting that 'toleration' stops here. Thus, most notoriously, *The Times* sought to blame AIDS on 'gay liberation'.

AIDS is being 'prayed in aid', as syphilis once was, of general movements of social repressiveness to which this terrible affliction is really a side-issue. Mrs Victoria Gillick cited AIDS on *Newsnight* this week as further justification for her calls for 'chastity'. Yet anyone, including any parent, who achieves any real knowledge of gay people, will already have understood that AIDS has long since assaulted the deepest personal being of the prime risk group — gay men. The injury to their capacity to express need and affection for one another through physical relations falls especially on the lives of young gay men, just at that time of life when their heterosexual contemporaries are rightly exploring their own sensual natures. The injury is made the more frightful by the discovery that death, or years of suspenseful fear, can also come to those to whom gays as blood, plasma or organ donors had sought only to do good. Gays, as a matter of fact, were first to call for suspension of such 'donor' activities.

The developing 'outness', or honesty, of lesbians and gay men has been one of the major social advances of our time. It must not be impeded. It is not in the interests even of public health that it should be impeded. But government and its agencies, far away from the responsibilities of the Health Ministry, go on trying to do so, like a witless juggernaut. To take two instances only from the last few days: this Thursday the House of Lords was petitioned in the case of Mary Simpson, a lesbian evicted from her home by her landlords, Harrogate council, after the named tenant, her lover, died. Lower courts have ruled that she is wholly unprotected, unlike a common-law wife or husband. And last Friday two lesbians and seven gay men were sent for committal proceedings on 24 June, charged by Customs & Excise with conspiring to import, for Gay's the Word bookshop, 'indecent or obscene' material. That material included, in *New York Native* (No 82), a major American article discussing AIDS. □

MARXISM TODAYS

Spring into the news with Marxism Today's March issue:

- Rate-capping – interview with DAVID BLUNKETT
- JOHN GRIFFITHS – The Ponting Case
- PAUL RODGERS – The Geneva Talks
- MONTY JOHNSTONE – USSR: The Past Catches Up
- PETE CARTER – The Miners' Strike
- Inteview with BENJAMIN ZEPHANIAH

SPRING SPECIAL

Subscribe **NOW** and receive 15 issues of Marxism Today for the price of 12 (starting April).

Send this form (no stamp needed) with a cheque for **£9** (overseas **£16**) to:
MT Subscriptions, Freepost, 16 St John Street, London EC1B 1JB

Name_____

Address_____

_____ Postcode_____

SUBSCRIPTION OFFER: 3 ISSUES FREE!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DISSENT FIRST TARGET OF NUCLEAR REHEARSAL

A FULL-SCALE, SECRET rehearsal for nuclear war began this Tuesday in government offices, and military and police headquarters throughout Britain. The exercise is partly concerned with rehearsing NATO's inevitable wartime decision to 'go nuclear' — but during the present, 'pre-war' phase, exercise 'play' is almost entirely concerned with civil measures to be taken inside Britain. DUNCAN CAMPBELL reports

KNOWN in full as WINTEX/CIMEX 85 (Winter Exercise/Civil-Military Exercise), the exercise has two aspects. WINTEX is a two yearly top level 'command post' exercise, during which embunkered political leaders and military commanders make the key decisions to go to war against the Warsaw Pact, and then launch a nuclear attack. CIMEX is a co-ordinated rehearsal of national plans to mobilise civil and military resources for war. Each NATO nation participates in the exercise, which is carried out on paper only.

According to the 'events lists' prepared for WINTEX/CIMEX 85 and previous WINTEX/CIMEX exercises, at least half the events with which military and police commanders are now dealing concern civilian dissent or resistance to mobilisation for war. NATO planners identify trades unions and peace groups as the principal 'internal threat' to be combatted during the early phases of the exercise.

According to the British government's training manual for scientific advisers and other documents, the internal threat, besides sabotage and 'subversion', includes 'adverse public reaction to government policy'. 'Dissident groups', which it describes, will come under attack and eventually be subject to military 'subjugation and elimination'.

The 'pre-war' phase

During the current pre-war phase, Her Majesty is to issue Queen's Order 2, calling out the reserves. Parliament will be expected to pass the first of several Emergency Powers Acts, all currently top secret, granting sweeping powers. (The subsequent acts are even more draconian, but it is not expected that Parliament will be consulted; they will be enacted by Royal Decree, if circumstances still permit constitutional niceties).

The war itself begins early next month, and then goes nuclear before 'play' ends on 13 March. The exact timing of the nuclear attack and the events thereafter are kept secret from exercise 'players' until they have been officially announced to them.

After the war begins, more attention is given to military events such as conventional air attacks, and civil dissent is dealt with using emergency powers.

As part of WINTEX/CIMEX, members of a top level committee, the Transition to War Committee (TWC), are now meeting daily in the Cabinet Office to order the seizing of food and fuel supplies, conscription of labour, and other plans in the government's War Book. Inside each government department, a Deputy Secretary has been put in charge of a Transition to War Executive Committee (TWEC).

In Edinburgh and at nine regional Department of the Environment offices, Regional Emergency Committees are to meet to coordinate local action. But despite the present government's frequent attempts to bully local authorities to carry out nonsensical official and civil defence proposals, no local authority in Britain has been allowed any information about or participation in WINTEX.

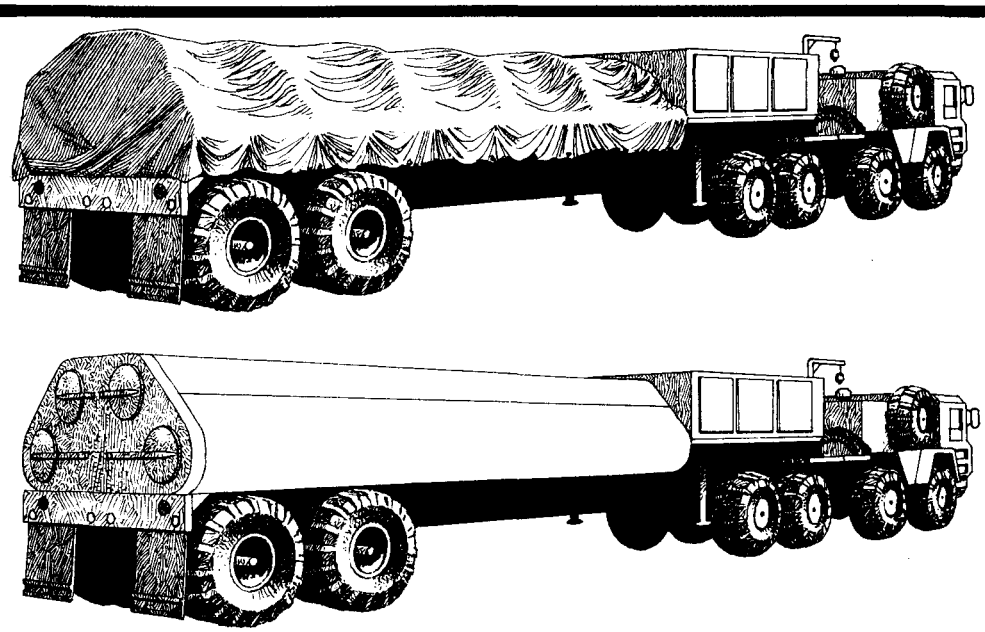
At 10 Downing Street, a Standing Committee on Information Policy has been set up to 'ensure positive and continuous guidance' of the media. Bernard Ingham, the Prime Minister's press secretary, takes charge of the subordinate Press Working Party, which is in charge of official announcements via the press, BBC, and ITV. The press are expected to be entirely compliant to government and NATO information policy.

Yugoslav 'flash-point'

This year (as in WINTEX 81), the crisis is understood to start in Yugoslavia, where the possibility of Soviet military invasion is feared likely to create a military confrontation between East and West. The first moves in this crisis started on Tuesday.

As the nuclear crisis approaches, early in March, the final, top secret step in the official 'Machinery of Government in War' plan will be the pretended evacuation of designated central government officials and key cabinet ministers from London. When it is decided that the capital will not survive, the order goes out from TWC to each department by a secret codeword. Each official on the evacuation list is passed the codeword and must, immediately, run to a central point in Whitehall where a fleet of buses stand, engines running. (Such officials are by now presumed to be at their desk night and day, toothbrushes at the ready.)

In WINTEX 1983, this manoeuvre was fully rehearsed to the extent of having the chosen bowler-hatted few actually muster for roll-call in front of their buses — and not a few bewildered tourists. It is not yet known whether this event will be repeated in 1985. ●



Illustrations by Louis MacKay

Cruise vehicle's peculiar outline

GAVIN STRANG MP has tabled a question this week to the Minister of Defence after looking at photographs and videos of the cruise convoy which regularly creeps out from Greenham and makes its way to exercise on the heavily guarded Salisbury Plain.

Members of Cruisewatch, who have been severely harassed by the police for tailing the convoy, have become suspicious about some of the vehicles. Pictures taken while the convoy was out on 11 December and 16 January show a tarpaulin covered vehicle; on close inspection the tarpaulin sags deeply at intervals where there would normally be the hard metal surface of the launcher (as shown in our artist's diagram, reconstructed from photos).

Strang, MP for Edinburgh East, has asked Heseltine 'Why is it necessary to use dummy cruise missile launchers on exercises?'. Meanwhile, Cruisewatch members are wondering whether this could explain the aggressive behaviour of the police which included — during the 16 January exercise — taking a crowbar to a van windscreen driven by Cruisewatch women.

Asked about the strange vehicle the Greenham press office told the *NS* 'We are prohibited by the MoD from discussing these matters — though we wish it weren't so'. The MoD said: 'It's always been our policy not to discuss composition of the convoys.' (see also 'That convoy could be a hoax', *NS* 27 July 1984)

Jane Dibblin

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'Baby-face' Fowler guns for a new means test

A BRAND NEW means test is being planned by the government. It will cover all parents of new-born babies. PETER KELLNER reports

AT PRESENT mothers receive a £25 maternity grant. This is the only universal maternity benefit; it costs the exchequer £18 million a year. According to the unofficial network on which Whitehall officials and pressure group activists communicate, Norman Fowler, the Social Services Secretary, plans to increase the maternity grant to £70 or £75, but to confine it to poorer families in order to keep down the cost to the government.

The increase in the grant, if it takes place, will be the first since 1969. At prsent, according to the Maternity Alliance, which campaigns for better support for pregnant women and mothers of young children, the £25 grant 'is now worth less, in real terms, than when it was introduced in 1911 . . . Of the nine EEC member states which pay a maternity grant, Britain currently ranks seventh. Only the Republic of Ireland and Spain have a smaller maternity grant'.

However, any decision to introduce a means test is likely to run into widespread opposition, especially at a time when the proliferation of existing means tests has produced the irrational and complex social security system which, in its extreme form, has produced the poverty trap.

In order to take some of the sting out of the change, some journalists have been briefed that the maternity grant, along with some other benefits such as the death grant and even the pensioners' £10 Christmas bonus, may be scrapped altogether. *The Times*, for example, carried a report to this effect on 8 February.

This appears to be a deliberate ploy by the government to spread excessive pessimism, in order that the formal announcement, when it comes, will look like an act of political and financial benevolence, instead of a further unnecessary blow to Britain's already rickety social benefits system. ●

One in the eye for Ridley

TRAVEL on London's tubes and buses soared to record levels last year — a blow for government experts who predicted that increased subsidies and the GLC's cheap fares wouldn't significantly increase travel.

Passenger mileage on the tube was up 44 per cent in 1984 over 1982 (the last year before fares were reduced by an average of a quarter). And bus travel was up 23 per cent.

The increases are all the more remarkable because they reverse the almost uninterrupted decline in bus and tube use since the '50s. Tube travel in 1984 was back to the level of 1956.

Credit for the results must go to the zonal fare system which the GLC helped to introduce. This was the first major change in ticketing in 50 years of London Transport. It helped the buses and tubes to make a windfall profit of £50 million in 1983.

The success of the public transport policies also helped to cut traffic on the roads. Surveys show that car commuting was cut 25 per cent — back to the level of 1971. And an independent study by University College estimates that the cheap fares policy saved 50 road deaths a year.

Mick Hamer

Global meet by ICI unions

A DEMAND for talks about ICI's global strategy is to follow from the first fully international conference of unions at the company, held in Britain last week. Union leaders from Europe, America, South Africa and the Pacific accused the company of being anti-union and exploiting its workforce overseas despite its liberal image at home.

They agreed that a demand for proper consultations on ICI's international policies should be made at a board-level meeting next month between the company and its three main British unions — ASTMS, TGWU and GMBATU.

The move comes as ICI's results this week showed that last year, for the first time, less than half the company's workforce was based in Britain. This follows the gradual erosion of labour around the world as ICI tries to increase productivity, a process under which Britain, where jobs have been halved in 10 years, seems to have come off worst.

The conference is one of a number held recently by unions in multi-nationals in an effort to get to grips with international management. Roger Lyons, ASTMS national officer who organised the conference, said: 'In this country we have fake consultation, which means we get consulted over a decision which has already been taken. We want to know the options available before the decision is made.' It is impossible, he said, to do this without knowing the company's global strategy.

Jane Pickard

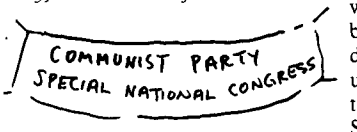
MISCELLANY

Enveloped in rules

It's no good trying to cheer up Terry French, serving five years for assault in Wandsworth prison, by sending him letters of support. He was the Kent miner who led the march that was stopped at Dartford tunnel on the way to Nottingham, and was prominent in the Kent miners' pickets of the Kent ports. His comrades in the Kent NUM have canvassed other unions, notably NALGO, to join them in sending round-robins of support to Terry — only to have their letters returned accompanied by a cyclostyled sheet from the prison 'rules and regulations' which states that only 8" by 5" letters may be received by prisoners, and then only in reply to letters sent by a prisoner. Haringey branch of NALGO queried this practice with a probation officer, who said he'd never heard of them being so strictly enforced before. Letters (8" by 5" only) beginning 'Dear Terry, Thanks for yours of last Sat. to hand' might get through.

Red in tooth and . . .

The day has been named for the much-awaited divorce between the Communist Party's Eurocommunist and Stalinist factions. It will be 25 May — after the fundamentalists (Stalinists to you and me) have been defeated at the Special National Congress on 18 May. Who say so? Why, the 'Leninists of the CPGB



[Communist Party of Great Britain]'. But they aren't a reliable source of information about the hard-liners because the in-fighting between different hard-line factions is as bitter as their shared hatred of the 'Euros'. The Straight Left *group (denounced by the Leninists in a recent newsletter as 'miserable cowardly scabs' who 'want to continue their pub-room scheming') has put out its own material arguing that the hard-line groups must put aside 'secondary' disagreements, which only obstruct the 'overthrow of the disastrous wrecking team at St John Street [Communist Party HQ]'. It wants to unite all views, from unreconstructed Stalinists whose answer to life is to send in a tank to crush it, to party loyalists who think the rot only set in when the party embraced women's liberation and the open democratic approach of the 1975* British Road to Socialism. *According to a Comrade at the forbidden meeting of hardliners on 10 February, this sort of internal party struggle is 'the class struggle at its highest point'. So* that's *what class politics means.*

Compose yourselves

The more sensitive plants in the *Sunday Times* composing room began to feel by 2 pm last Saturday, when the mighty organ was at full stretch on the production lines, that it was beyond them to work on the 'stone' alongside staff journalist Harry Coen. His appearance on *Newsnight* the evening before describing how an AIDS victim had named him as a contact at risk — the programme made plain that he's been cleared as far as medical science *can* clear anyone — led to suggestions that he should be forbidden the composing room. There were heated meetings before an embarrassed Father of Chapel went to tell management of some of his members' terrors. Management refused to give Coen **any instructions to withdraw. Veterans of the impassioned relations between *Sunday Times* printers and** management take the chaste view that with *ST* editor Andrew Neil still bouncing around everywhere deriding 'the brothers' (ie print unions) the whole episode is no more than Round one zillion in the ritual Saturday warfare with management.

Ana Gram flak (18)

The sometime publisher Michael Heseltine, temporarily Minister of Attack — pardon, of Defence — seems to fall somewhere short of being popular with NS *readers. Words such as 'mace', 'Cheltenham', 'he-man', and 'hell', let alone so many unprintable terms that we'd have to be D.H. Lawrence to give them to you, rise scorching from your anagrammaticals. Even 'hair-net'. Now why should that be? 'Hell, he is an emetic' says Eve Fisk of Pinner contemptuously. 'I cheat — hell, I'm seen!' adds Constance Luck of SW16, **and Allan M O'Brien of Oban writes 'Hi! See Tam? He in cell'. More** unparliamentary language emerges from Yasmin of Leeds, who by adding the Rt Hon etc gets 'Ho! Ha! Heh! lie, Belgrano minister'. The genius IQ entry is from Aelwyn Edwards of Herts who writes that MinDef 'with his ability to worm out of any situation is surely a "Helminthic sea-eel" '. (*Helminthic: *disease characterised by presence of worms in body). Apotheosis next week: that homicidal infant of* Spitting Image *the* ci-avant *King of England, Prince William.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

City AA in urgent talks

CITY AA (City of London Anti-Apartheid Group) are meeting this week to decide their response to last Saturday's 28 to 3 vote by the national committee of the Anti-Apartheid Movement (AAM), meeting in Cardiff, to withdraw recognition of City AA as a local group of the AAM.

In a statement issued after the meeting, the AAM said that the decision has been taken because City AA failed to provide satisfactory assurances that it would, in the words of the AAM, 'function as a normal local AA group.'

The executive secretary of the AAM, Mike Terry, won't elaborate on the alleged abnormality of City AA's activity. He'll only say that City AA has failed to meet the criteria for a local group. 'Our local groups are based in geographical areas and consist of people living or working in those areas.' (It's well known that the majority of City AA's members don't live or work in the City's square mile).

Terry says that a compromise offer from City AA of working in the Holborn, Westminster and City area isn't acceptable. Holborn should be covered by Camden AA. He admits there is no local group in Westminster, but says the London Committee will co-ordinate work in the centre of London.

City AA for their part deny that the conflict is about geography. They believe that the AAM leadership is opposed to the militant open style of street activity for which City AA has made itself famous. Even while the national committee was meeting in Cardiff, some 200 people were taking part in City AA's latest 24 hour Trafalgar Square picket of the South African embassy.

The picket was joined by Jeremy Corbyn MP, Richard Balfe MEP, veteran anti-apartheid campaigner Peggy Seeger, local AA groups, Labour councillors, trade unionists, women's groups and others. City AA pledge that they will continue their work which, they say, is attracting new forces to the campaign against apartheid.

Thirteen Labour MPs, including Tony Benn, are amongst a large number of individuals and organisations who have come forward in defence of City AA. The Reverend John Wheeler, former Commissary for the Anglican Church in Namibia and member of City group, says he's 'astounded and appalled at the attitude' of the AAM.

And a City AA spokesperson says 'many people are disgusted at the action of the National Committee. We believe that what happens outside is more important than what happens in committee meetings. We'll continue our activity and will be going all out to support the March month of action for the boycott of South African goods.'

Terry O'Halloran

Has the DHSS victimised its Orcadian rep?

A YEAR AGO this week Adrian Stuart was suspended without pay from his job as supplementary benefit officer in charge at the Kirkwall DHSS office on Orkney. Subsequently sacked, he's now over £8,000 in debt and bewildered at his fate, believing he has been 'utterly and completely wronged'.

He has always maintained he was suspended because of his vociferous protests about DHSS plans to downgrade the Kirkwall office by transferring responsibility for services to the office at Wick on the Scottish mainland. The DHSS has denied this, saying that disciplinary action was taken because of Stuart's 'irregular conduct' in failing to obey a management instruction to attend 'remedial training' at Wick.

As a result of the controversy stirred up by Stuart, the DHSS was forced to abandon its plans to downgrade the Kirkwall office. It decided instead to let the office continue being responsible for administering contributory benefits and to devolve as much responsibility for dealing with supplementary benefits as possible. According to a DHSS spokeswoman, this has resulted in a decision to transfer the files on unemployed supplementary benefit claims from Wick to Kirkwall later this month (March). Kirkwell has acquired the unique status of a 'Local Office' but is still responsible to Wick.

This doesn't go as far as Stuart, Orkney Islands Council and the local Liberal MP Jim Wallace have urged. They campaigned for Kirkwall to be made into an 'Integrated Local Office' responsible for controlling and administering the whole range of services on Orkney — as the Lerwick office does for Shetland and the Stornaway office does for the Western Isles. The DHSS resisted this idea on the grounds that the premises at Kirkwall weren't large enough and that the Orkney workload was in any case too small to justify the staff that would be needed for such an office.

The extent to which DHSS services are controlled from Kirkwall or Wick has long been a very sensitive issue for Orcadians anxious to enhance their independence of the mainland. They argue that services administered locally are bound to be more efficient, responsive and accountable than services run from across the Pentland Firth. Many of them believe that Adrian Stuart has been victimised for sharing their views.

Rob Edwards

INNOCENT WOMEN IN PRISON

TODAY and over the next few weeks the *New Statesman* will examine some leading cases of seemingly wrongful imprisonment — a common factor being that all are women. We began in effect last week (*NS* 22 February) with the case of Annie Maguire. All raise the question of whether inadequacies of judicial review make it 'simpler' to keep in jail the victims of lapses in the administration of justice than to admit to faults in the system. This week: MARGARET LIVESEY.

MARGARET LIVESEY's plight was first brought to public attention by *Rough Justice* (BBC1) in October 1983. She'd been sentenced to life imprisonment in 1979 for the murder of her 14-year-old son, Alan. The main evidence against her was a confession she'd made at Bamber Bridge police station, Lancashire.

There are, however, reasons for doubting its veracity. It was made at a moment of intense personal grief, and she'd retracted it by the time of the trial.

Her son Alan's body was discovered in the lounge of the family home at around 11.15 pm on 2 February 1979. His mother had been out to a pub for a drink with friends, and on her way home called in at another house along the street, where she probably arrived soon after 11.00. A resident whose evidence was unearthed by Peter Hill and Martin Young of *Rough Justice* had seen her walking home from the pub at 11.00.

False 'confession'? — Margaret Livesey

The chances do seem to be that she simply didn't have time to go home, commit the murder, dash to a friend's house, and arrive quite unflustered, all in the space of a few minutes.

In any case, her son appeared to have been the victim of an attack with homosexual overtones. He was dressed in his army cadet uniform, with his hands tied behind his back. Knife-nicks on the body indicated that he'd been subjected to a form of torture. A neighbour, Peter Nightingale, had seen a youth leaving the house at around 10.00 p.m. Professor James Cameron, one of the country's leading forensic scientists, confirmed that 10.00 pm was the most likely time of death.

'Vague' evidence

Evidence against Margaret Livesey was given by the people living next door to her, who claimed to have heard an argument between mother and son. When questioned by *Rough Justice*, however, their answers seemed rather vague.

Livesey could have been prejudiced by the fact that her case went to trial twice. It is plainly possible that the second jury, which found her guilty, could already have read sensational headlines about her case in local newspapers.

When Hill and Young's programme was afterwards examined on *Did You See?* (BBC2), the panel discussion opened with the words, 'Well, of course, she's innocent. . .', a view from which no-one dissented. The official response to *Rough Justice* was the setting-up of a police investigation under the Assistant Chief Constable of West Yorkshire. Four main areas of the case went under review: the conduct of the police; the statements of the witnesses; the scientific evidence; and the judge's summing-up.

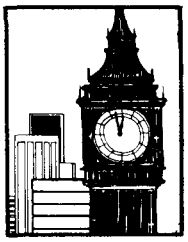
After the Assistant Chief Constable's report (the Benyon report) had been considered by the Home Office, David Mellor, Under Secretary of State, wrote to the Law Reform organisation, *Justice*, which had taken up Livesey's case, in December 1984. 'No new factors of substance have emerged', he said, 'which would justify the Home Secretary referring the case to the Court of Appeal. . . or in taking any further action.'

Both Margaret Livesey and her neighbour Peter Nightingale additionally lodged complaints under section 49 of the Police Act. These were investigated, and the reports passed to the Director of Public Prosecutions. He decided that no action should be taken against the officers concerned.

Leah Levin, director of Justice, tells us: '*Justice* continues to be disturbed by the case, and is pursuing investigations.'

Bob Woffinden

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PETER KELLNER

How much do Tories really care about the family?

AT THIS TIME of year much learned discussion may be heard on what the government should do about the economy; specifically, what the Chancellor should do in his Budget. What will the money markets bear? How will industry respond? What will the Budget do for jobs?

These are all important questions, to which we shall return, although with rather less confidence in our answers than the Chancellor seems to have in his, in an era of floating exchange rates, in which two years' worth of Britain's gross domestic product changes hands daily among currency dealers, and potentially volatile oil prices, for which equally plausible arguments may be adduced for their either doubling or halving in the next couple of years — in such an era, only fools, politicians and gamblers in an advanced state of addiction should try to guess the coming year's government borrowing requirement to within £2 billion.

For all I know, by the time this column reaches you, the pound will be worth no more than the dollar and much learned print will be devoted to its implications for Nigel Lawson's Budget. At this stage, I shall chance my arm no further than to suggest that, if and when parity is reached, its principal effect will be political rather than economic: it will do more than any Labour politician or Keynesian economist could to persuade voters that Mrs Thatcher and her ministers have no real idea how to run a modern industrial economy.

So, for the rest of this week's column, I shall steer clear of the Grand Economic Issues and the hotly debated question of whether or not there is 'A Currency Crisis'. Even if there is, there may be little the government can do about it in the short term. Instead let us look at a problem that the government can do something about: the lot of families with children and, in particular, of mothers who wish to work.

The most widely leaked measure in this spring's Budget is Lawson's intention to raise income tax allowances by more than inflation. This, we are repeatedly told, will reduce the poverty trap, increase the incentive to work and generally enhance the prospects for economic revival.

In one particular sense, a case may be made for increasing allowances. It is more help to lower-paid workers than one obvious alternative: using the money to reduce tax *rates* instead. A married man earning £100 a week currently pays £11.80 in tax. A 10 per cent increase in tax allowances would reduce his tax bill by £1.82 a week; a 2p cut in the standard rate would make him just 80p a week better off. Two or three years ago, ministers talked about bringing the standard rate of tax down to 25 per cent. To the extent that this idea has been dropped in favour of increasing tax allowances, taxation policy is now fairer than it was.

Or, less unfair. These things are always relative. For the notion that raising allowances is the best available option, even within the government's own economic strategy, is demonstrably untrue. Nor do you just need to take my word for it. How about this:

> Any Chancellor who rises on Budget Day and claims that by increasing income tax allowances he has made significant inroads into the poverty and unemployment traps, or started to sort out the nonsensical interaction between the tax and benefit systems, is simply talking ill-informed nonsense.

Those are the words of John Kay, the director of the Institute of Fiscal Studies. I found the quotation in this year's memorandum by Ruth Lister of the Child Poverty Action Group to the Chancellor*. Lister has brought together all the evidence, and more, that anyone could wish for in order to demolish the claims that are normally made for the elixir of increased allowances. For example, it is not even true that those people who are 'taken out of tax' are, in general, taken out of the poverty trap. Lister has unearthed a Treasury calculation that of the 850,000 people who were 'taken out of tax' in last year's Budget, only 10,000 were removed from the poverty trap.

The reason is simple: most people whose earnings put them at the edge of the tax system (£40 a week if you are single, £60 if you are married) are *not* main family breadwinners. It would take an increase not of 10 per cent in allowances, but a hike of 60 or 70 per cent for any appreciable impact on the poverty trap to be seen.

AS LISTER, and others, point out, a cheaper and far more efficient policy is available for alleviating poverty. An across-the-board increase of £6 a week in child benefit would concentrate help where it is needed most: on families with children. Unlike an increase in tax allowances, this would help people who are unemployed, as well as those in low-paid employment.

It would not, it is true, make any difference to the poverty trap: the combination of marginal tax rates and the withdrawal of means-tested benefits would continue. The point is that much more radical reforms in the tax and social security benefits system are needed if the poverty trap is to be abolished; meanwhile all Lawson can do is to make the best of a spatch-cock job — and that means raising child benefits rather than tax allowances.

There is, though, one semi-ideological reason why Lawson is unlikely to do so. Raising tax allowances means cutting taxation: increasing child benefits means pushing up public spending. By the artificial calculus that the government uses to judge these matters, this is an important distinction. But, even if that spurious point is acknowledged, there is one policy the government could introduce at little cost, but with important social advantages.

In a few days time the House of Lords Select Committee on the European Communities will publish a report proposing that both mothers and fathers should be entitled to parental leave to look after young babies; and that the government should enshrine this right in law. (This proposal is separate from the specific right of a mother to maternity leave.) The Lords' committee does not go as far as a Common Market draft directive: this proposes three months' leave for both parents — the Lords' committee suggests one month. But it is an important principle for legislation, and provides one of the clearer tests of the government's real attitude to social policy.

In its evidence to the committee, the government, through the Department of Employment, put two of the classic Whitehall arguments for blocking reform: that it would cost too much; and that progress would be better served by voluntary negotiation rather than legislation. The Lords' committee gave short shrift to both arguments. On cost it reports:

> The Department of Employment admitted that they have not done 'any extensive research in that area' . . . With the exception of small businesses the likely costs to the industry may be exaggerated.

And on the argument that legislation is not appropriate:

> Some employers seem reluctant to make provision . . . Parental leave can be seen as a bold social innovation bringing important benefits for childcare and equal opportunities at work. It is a proper subject for legislation.

A Conservative government, especially this Conservative government, is likely to see the issue in a different light. It wants fewer laws controlling employers, not more.

But the practical consequence of leaving things as they are, with all the various inbuilt biases against working women, is — according to one piece of independent evidence accepted by the Lords committee — to reduce women's lifetime earnings by 25-50 per cent. Put another way — a more Tory way, if you like — that means that the skills of half of Britain's adult population are being grotesquely underused. And not even Mrs Thatcher can regard that fact with equanimity. Or can she? □

*A tax on children?, CPAG, 1 Macklin Street, London WC2B 5NH, £2.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LABOUR'S MAN FOR ALL SEASONS

There are some very strange reasons for the rise and rise of Denis Healey, once reviled as the lackey of the international capitalists. Martin Linton assesses the comeback

EVER SINCE Denis Healey gave up his ambition of being the Labour Party's Brezhnev (or Andropov, or Chernenko, or Gorbachev . . .) and settled instead for being the party's Gromyko, there has been a gradual rehabilitation of his standing in the party. It may be galling for him but it is now, when he is no longer a threat, that he has become genuinely popular in the party, even among the inner reaches of the Left.

Only three and a half years ago, when he was defending his deputy leadership against Tony Benn's challenge, the *New Statesman* was able to say of him:

> Nothing could be more brutally plain than that Denis Healey is an object of hostility, even of hatred, for many members of the labour movement . . . and not only among a paranoid minority. There is unwavering resistance to Mr Healey among Labour loyalists.

There is still, of course, a residue of that hostility dating back to the dog days of the International Monetary Fund. But it would be wrong now to talk about hatred. There is respect, given generously or grudgingly but never in small measure, and a recognition that he is a politician of consummate skill who is almost alone on Labour's front bench in being able to reduce Mrs Thatcher to a quiver.

But there is more. There is a sense among those who observe him at close quarters of a born-again politician who has finally been given the portfolio that he has been waiting for all his life. 'He's now doing a job that he clearly enjoys. When he says he wants to be the Labour Party's Andrei Gromyko, he means it. He is clearly in his element in foreign policy. He's loving every minute of it,' said a party official.

There is also a feeling on the Left that he has shifted his ground considerably over the last few years, particularly on defence and international issues, to the extent that he was able to speak at the party's Blackpool conference in support of Labour's new defence policy and he is able now, in his new Fabian pamphlet*, to advance the most cogent case in its favour. He argues for a non-nuclear NATO, for the unilateral removal of cruise missiles, for the cancellation of Trident and for negotiations to remove US nuclear bases from Britain.

There is room for argument over how far it is Denis Healey who has shifted his views to the left and how far it is the Left that has changed its attitudes towards him. Probably a bit of both, and a change in circumstances too. Polaris, the one remaining point where Healey's personal preferences are still at odds with party policy, is rusting into irrelevance and Chernenko's pledge to dismantle Soviet missiles 'one for one' with Britain will help to defuse defence as an election issue.

The Photo Source

Shadow spokesperson Healey: even his dearest enemies now respect the old pro

In brief, Denis Healey and the Labour Party have reconverged. It is difficult to overstate the importance of this both for Labour's next election campaign and for a future Labour government. It is Healey above all others who will have to convince the electorate of the credibility of Labour's conventional defence policy. And it is Healey who, as Foreign Secretary, will have to persuade the Americans to withdraw their nuclear bases without a debilitating confrontation. The extraordinary reaction in Washington to the gnat-bite from Labour New Zealand has shown what might be in store.

DENIS HEALEY was the original Labour Atlanticist, the man who was once described as 'the Member for NATO'. But when he became Labour's foreign affairs spokesperson he immediately allayed the fears of the Left in a speech to the Parliamentary Labour Party's foreign affairs group that was a veritable tour de force with a robust anti-Reaganism that no one could fault. El Salvador? 'I hope the rebels win,' he said.

He has enhanced his reputation with a series of brilliant performances at the despatch box on Grenada, on Lebanon, on CGHQ, on Hong Kong. Healey has an ability that no one in the present House of Commons can match to deliver a wind-up speech after a long and straggly debate that is a masterpiece of ordered, logical argument, with complete command of the subject and enough humour to floor his critics. A perfect mix of levitas and gravitas. And without notes.

His abuse is in a class of its own, revealing a Pythonesque sense of humour. His best known quip was that being attacked by Sir Geoffrey Howe was like being 'savaged by a dead sheep'. But more recently he succeeded in the difficult task of making Mrs Thatcher look ridiculous when he described her early attempts at diplomacy with the Chinese over Hong Kong as the work of 'Rhoda the Rhino'. And Healey it was who saw 'Field Marshal Heseltine at Molesworth, resplendent in flak-jacket, jackboots and hairnet, leading more soldiers than it took to capture Port Stanley to uproot a handful of families and one white goat — one more sacrifice of British pride at President Reagan's altar'. But maybe his *piece de resistance* was his dismissal of the bumptious chairman of the Conservative Party, John Gummer, with one question: 'Would you buy a second-hand scooter from this man?'

His recent television interview with the US Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger was a good case in point. Healey tore Weinberger limb from limb over Nicaragua, telling him that America had made many statements which proved to be totally untrue about what was happening there, that they grossly exaggerated and misrepresented the threat to American security posed by 'the inevitable revolt of poor peasants against centuries of economic exploitation, military dictatorship and colonial rule', that he was allowing the training of Contra 'terrorists' inside American territory, that 'quite frankly the Mafia has never produced such a disgusting instruction book in blackmail, kidnapping, murder and torture' as the CIA manual issued in Nicaragua and that

Labour and a World Society, by Denis Healey, Fabian Society, £1.50

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nicaragua was further from the American frontier than Moscow was from London. 'You look at the map sometime,' he said. He was wrong in fact. He should have said 'from Washington'. But it had the desired effect of leaving Mr Weinberger absolutely speechless.

LETTERS OF CONGRATULATION have since poured in from many party members, including some who would never have believed a few years ago that they would ever have a good word to say of Denis Healey. A prominent figure in the peace movement has been converted from adversary to admirer, though not, it must be said, to the extent of praising him publicly. 'He's changed his position radically in the last four to five years on a whole number of defence issues and there has been a more ambiguous and more subtle shift in his Atlanticism. But the point is that once he believes in a case, he's far more professional than the rest. He really knows his stuff.

'I also get the sense of a man who has gone past the point of ambition and has relaxed and in a curious way has reverted to a more straightforward and less clever presentation of policy. In fact he's gone back to his self of about 40 years ago when he came to the 1945 conference as the young Lt Healey who had come back from the front to say that socialism was sweeping through Europe.'

Others on the Left argue that it is not Denis Healey who has changed his attitudes so much as other people who have changed their attitudes towards him, particularly since the advent of Reaganism, of which he is a withering critic. 'There's a general feeling that he's no longer a contender for the leadership, so that all of that can be set on one side and we can look at the positive side,' said one front bencher. 'He's done extremely well on foreign affairs, on Grenada, on GCHQ, even on the Falklands where he was holding back Michael Foot who was much more gung ho than he. People are conceding what a powerful figure he is, and there is a suspicion among people who didn't vote for him that he would have done much better as leader.'

Many of the very people who were his most bitter critics as Chancellor of the Exchequer are now itching to see him installed as Foreign Secretary in a new Labour government. Maybe, they say, he is more left-wing on some issues than others, maybe he has changed, maybe he was misunderstood as Chancellor, as he would contend, and maybe not. The fact is that now he is a tower of strength in the Labour Party, a great help to Neil Kinnock, about whom he has many nice things to say in private as well as in public, one of the few people in parliament who really understands all the complexities of the Middle East, for example, and the debt crisis, about which he writes eloquently in his Fabian pamphlet, but above all he is the one person who can carry out the huge diplomatic task that is involved in persuading the Americans to come to terms with Labour's defence policies.

'I think he would be extraordinarily good as Foreign Secretary,' says a prominent (but anonymous) left-winger. 'If one is one of those people who demand absolutely total 100 per cent or nothing, then one can't back Healey. But I wouldn't mind getting a little victory of some kind, like getting cruise out, as I think he would do, and cancelling Trident'. □

OLD DRAINS AND DISEASES

William Johnson exposes the public health scandal of dysentery outbreaks when water supply and sewer systems are crumbling

HISTORY repeated itself on Tuesday. More than one hundred years ago the citizens of London, threatened by another devastating outbreak of cholera, made a public appeal for protection against the disease in the columns of *The Times*. This week the people of Bradford took their case for protection against another disease of 19th century Britain — dysentery — before a full meeting of their Metropolitan District Council.

Like cholera, dysentery is an epidemic disease associated with bad housing, overcrowding, inadequate diet, poverty, and above all poor sanitation. Like other diarrhoeal disease, dysentery today is normally associated with high infant mortality in developing countries. It is a damning indictment of deprivation in Britain that this type of disease has increased in frequency dramatically in the last six years.

The outbreaks of dysentery which have flared in Yorkshire for the past three years are part of a wider picture of gastro-intestinal infections which afflict communities as far apart as Bradford, Bootle and Belfast.

Between 1 November 1982 and 31 May 1983, 860 cases of dysentery were confirmed in Hull of which 38 per cent were children below the age of five. Significantly, the disease took hold on a dilapidated inter-war estate. In many instances the only access to clean water during renovation was from public standpipes.

The common feature of virtually all gastro-enteric and diarrhoeal diseases like dysentery is that they are spread by the 'faecal-oral' route, from the stools of infected persons to the mouths of others. Transfer of the micro-organisms may occur via surfaces (including hands), food or sewerage contamination of the environment. Thus it is generally accepted that protection from these diseases is best safeguarded, not only by the provision of safe water for drinking, but, more importantly, adequate sanitation and the constant and plentiful supply of clean water for washing, flushing and general hygiene in the home.

The agent responsible for the Hull outbreak was a bacterium called *Shigella sonnei*. A study in the USA in 1955 found that *Shigella* infection was related to poor water supply, lack of adequate sanitation and to poor housing. A London physician, John Snow, drew the same conclusion for the spread of cholera in 1854. Between 1961 and 1975 there were 38 outbreaks of *Shigella* dysentery in the USA which were associated with contaminated *water supplies*.

Once an outbreak of dysentery is under way, the infection may be readily transmitted more directly. Typically this results in exhortations to 'strict personal hygiene' from public an environmental health authorities. However, the initial *trigger* for an outbreak is unlikely to be poor individual hygiene — a fact normally overlooked by the authorities. Carriers of the disease will not, unless they behave in a particularly anti-social manner, contaminate the environment in any other way than directly *via the sewage system*.

By April 1983, the Public Health Laboratory Service Communicable Disease Surveillance Centre was becoming concerned about the reports of Sonne dysentery coming from the north of England. In the first 16 weeks of 1983, the CDSC recorded a 71 per cent increase in notifications over the previous year. Sixty-nine per cent of all cases were from just two health regions: Yorkshire and the North-West.

The Bradford Experience

The dysentery totals for 1984 were substantially increased by an epidemic in West Yorkshire centred around Bradford and Keighley which began in late January. At its peak the Yorkshire outbreak was responsible for nearly 60 per cent of all dysentery notifications in England and Wales. The response of the authorities was characteristic.

Beneath a banner headline 'Epidemic Declared As Dysentery Grips' in the local *Telegraph and Argus*, Bradford's chief of housing blamed affected

EVERYWOMAN

The new current affairs magazine for women by women

OUT
28 FEBRUARY

Order your copy now!

60p MONTHLY
or
support us by taking out a subscription

Everywoman, The Galleries, Camden Passage, London N1 8EA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

communities for lack of co-operation, accused them of being careless in matters of personal hygiene, and offered the following gratuitous comment: 'I have yet to hear of anyone going bankrupt because they couldn't afford to buy a bottle of disinfectant and follow the instructions on the label'.

The epidemic reached its peak in the second week of April with 142 new cases confirmed in Bradford and 35 in Keighley. One week later Brad-FAD (Bradford's Fight Against Dysentery) was launched to co-ordinate the tenants' response.

By June the outbreak had subsided to an average of 16.5 cases per week in Bradford and had all but disappeared in Keighley. During the epidemic there had been approximately 80 hospital admissions where severe dehydration or very young children were involved. Fortunately, there were no deaths.

In late June it was revealed that the District Health Authority had been aware of dysentery in Bradford *since early 1983*. However, at no time had they attempted to define the *source* of the infection, and thus when presented with an epidemic, the only advice to be offered concerned containing the *spread* of the disease.

In direct contrast, Brad-FAD produced an information booklet in conjunction with Bradford and Airdale Health Education Unit. It did not ignore the importance of personal hygiene once dysentery is in the community, but it also drew attention to the social and environmental causes of its transmission.

By early October, with public awareness at a high level, dysentery re-emerged in Bradford, confirming that personal hygiene alone is not enough to contain the disease. In a stinging rebuke to the Metropolitan Council and its Housing Director, Brad-FAD concluded that outbreaks of dysentery and other proverty-related diseases would continue in Bradford so long as the council failed to deal with the problems of poor housing, deprivation and inadequate public sanitation in the city.

In the first four weeks of 1985, 33 per cent of all dysentery cases in England, Wales and Northern Ireland were reported in the Yorkshire Region.

The Belfast Experience

Throughout February 1981, a playschool on the Moyard Estate in West Belfast was regularly flooded with raw sewage. A meeting of community workers and women from the estate discovered that the flooding was merely the latest event in a history of sewer disorders dating back to 1974.

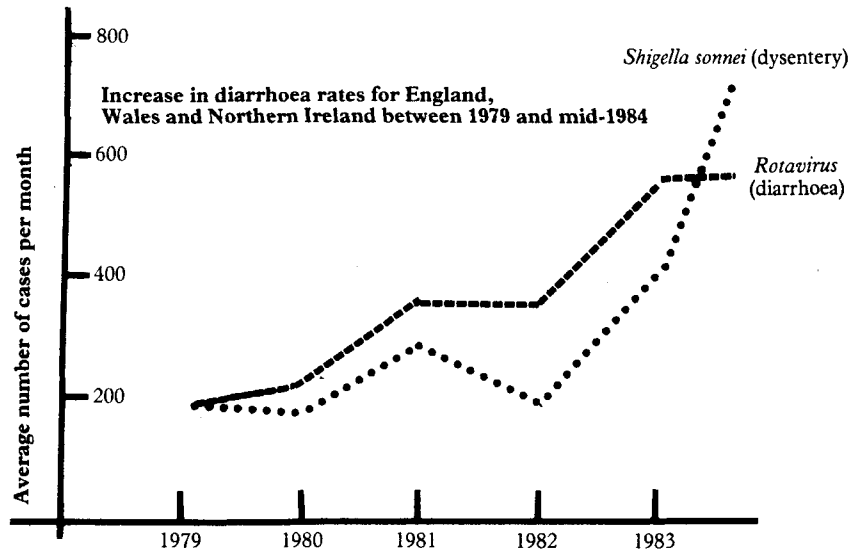
An action committee of tenants conducted a household survey which demonstrated an alarming level of gastro-enteritis among children on the estate. The first response of the authorities was to blame the community for the high levels of gastro-enteritis, citing poor personal hygiene as the principal cause of outbreaks. However, when environmental and health data were backed by direct evidence of malfunctioning sewerage, they immediately blamed vandalism by politically motivated tenants for blocked sewers.

In August 1982, the first case of paralytic polio in Northern Ireland for five years (a two-year-old child) was diagnosed in the area. Later that month, a local GP revealed that 75 per cent of all hepatitis cases in Belfast occurred on the Moyard and New Barnsley Estates of the city. In the month when the NI Housing Executive finally announced plans for improvements, October 1982, a 17 month old child from Moyard died in hospital with symptoms of acute gastro-enteric fever.

In November 1982, the Housing Executive and Department of the Environment accepted moral if not legal responsibility for an earlier outbreak of dysentery on the Turf Lodge Estate in 1979. The parents of three children who had contracted dysentery following a sewage flood incident were awarded a total of £1,200 compensation in the Belfast Recorder's Court.

In April and July 1984, dysentery broke out on the Lower Shankill and was immediately linked to poor living conditions in the area — in particualr the problem of blocked drains, uncovered sewers, rat infestation and almost unbelievably, a sewage disposal system which in many cases was routed through domestic food cupboards.

Diarrhoea in Britain



The Bootle Experience

Meanwhile, across the water in Merseyside, a group of women in the Church Street Estate, Bootle, were becoming suspicious that high levels of gastro-enteritis and diarrhoea on the estate were linked to a deteriorating sewage system. Following the formation of an Action Group, the women conducted a comprehensive survey which revealed problems of sewage flooding in 22 households and diarrhoeal disease in 19 of the 62 maisonettes on the estate. One household was not even connected to the mains sewerage; a reservoir of raw sewage lay undrained beneath the kitchen floor.

At the end of 1984, the women had produced a blueprint for housing conversion, rehabilitation and new building work which provided the authorities with an object lesson in popular environmental planning.

A COMMON theme running through these events is the breakdown in sewerage and public sanitary provision — the much trumpeted decay of the urban 'infrastructure'. Clearly there is a correlation between diarrhoal disease and gastro-enteritis and urban decay. What remains unclear is the extent to which that decay is also a *cause* of such infectious disease.

It is well established that both the water supply and sewage networks of Britain are in an advanced state of disrepair. It is possible to envisage many instances where fractures in sewers lead not only to homes being flooded, but also to the immersion of adjacent water mains in sewage. Where water mains are also fractured, there arises the possibility that contamination may get directly into the drinking water supply. This is most likely to occur during periods of reduced water pressure or cuts in supply. During the 1976 drought, a definite association between gastro-enteritis and restriction in water supply was demonstrated.

Britain's main drainage system dates back to 1840. Today, more than 95 per cent of the population of England and Wales are connected to 234,000km of public sewers. This represents the highest percentage in the world. Unfortunately, the average age of the drains is probably also the highest in the world. Fifteen per cent of the sewage system is more than 100 years old.

The NEDC noted in January this year that sewers in England and Wales are managed by a system of 'crisis maintenance'. The ten Regional Water Authorities spend a mere £8 million per annum on preventive maintenance from a total budget of £205 million for sewer repairs. The NEDC report, *Investment in the Public Sector Built Infrastructure*, was in no doubt who was to blame for this short-sighted policy — the government's restriction on water industry spending.

There are presently 5,000 sewer collapses per annum. Thus it is of some concern that despite the provisions of the 1936 Public Health Act, only 30-40 per cent of local authorities have satisfactory records of drains laid after 1936. For instance the Anglian Water Authority has adequate records of only 8 per cent of its 22,000km of sewers, yet half were constructed after 1945.

This brings us back to the criterion of public health. When a sewer blocks through fracture or poor hydraulic design, the wastewater does not simply disappear into the ground. Usually, the system 'backfills' and households 'upstream' are flooded with foul sewage. In the Thames Water Authority area, approximately 12,000 properties are at risk of such flooding more than once in ten years. Nationally, this would put the number of homes at risk at 60,000, but as home-owners, unlike tenants, do not usually draw attention to such problems because of the effect on house prices, it is estimated that household flooding may be **under-reported by between two and ten times.**

Recent research by the Socialist Environment and Resources Association has shown that for four of the Regional Water Authority areas where figures are available, there is a significant link between the number of *Shigella sonnei* cases per annum and the number of major sewer collapses. While the relationship does not prove 'cause and effect' it certainly challenges the Government and the water industry to prove that the breakdown in the infrastructure is only a matter of economics and not health. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WATER 2

PREPARING TO GO PRIVATE

Michael Synnott explains the row over a 'tax on water'

COMING WHEN they did, it was inevitable that the recent and enforced increases in water rates would be construed as yet another desperate attempt by the government to square the circle of its economic policies. After the recent uproars surrounding student grants and exchange rates, here finally was the truly ridiculous — 'a tax on toilets' as Geoff Rooker MP put it.

Certainly the government's handling of this year's Water Authority Order has been crass. Until this year, successive Ministers have found it expedient to preserve the fiction that water authorities alone are responsible for the level of their consumer charges. In practice, the authorities have always been 'advised' by the government on charges — which Ministers have strenuously denied in public — leaving the water authorities to shoulder the burden of higher charges or lower service levels.

The Chancellor's autumn statement announcing the current rise in charges, coupled with junior Environment Minister Ian Gow's spirited defence of the measures, has effectively blown the gaff on this little ruse. On one level the government appears to have imposed a pernicious tax on the most sacred of our resources, but is that all there is to it? When looked at more closely it can be seen that the roots of this affair extend beyond the current economic troubles and involve much more than a capricious tax.

Following the 1973 Water Act, the Regional Water Authorities (nine in England, one in Wales — a separate structure exists in Scotland and Northern Ireland, which we don't deal with here) were set up in April 1974. In organisational terms, this represented a mammoth undertaking. Two hundred water companies, 29 river authorities and 1,393 separate bodies who looked after foul drainage were absorbed into ten units.

Although a Conservative Act, the idea of reorganising the water industry had been conceived during the last days of Labour in 1969. The Wilson government had become concerned at the expense of meeting the (then) escalating demand for water by ad hoc reservoir construction. Regionalisation of water was, therefore, to pave the way for a national water grid, like the electricity grid, thereby obviating the need for new reservoirs.

Confronted by economic and fiscal crisis, the Heath government retained the idea of regionalisation — but without the central co-ordination intended by Labour. Instead, the Conservatives liked the idea of the reorganisation of the water industry because it could create self-financing units. Until 1974 consumer charges were subsidised to make them standard across the nation. The 1973 Water Act, however, declared that the new Regional Water Authorities (RWAs) would be entirely self-financing, with no support from central government other than loans. The effect on consumer charges was immediate and geographically uneven. Within Thames, the increase in charges after the first year was a relatively modest 20 per cent, but in Wales it was a thumping 90 per cent.

The logic of the 1973 Act went further than simple self-financing. In addition to current and future costs the RWAs were also made responsible for debts incurred *before* they were set up in 1974. Encouraged by central government's reflationary policies, the local authorities had embarked on a spending spree in the 1960s. By 1974 the total debt for the water services infrastructure in England and Wales stood at £2,186 million. Each of the new Authorities began life with the substantial financial handicap of heavy debt and interest burdens.

THE RESULT of the Act's confused parentage was a hotchpotch of provisions containing elements of both commercial enterprise and public utility. During the 1970s Labour policy had treated water as a public utility. It favoured measures to lessen charging disparities between regions and planned a National Water Authority. With the return of the Tories in 1979, the ambiguities of the past were resolved. The emphasis was now firmly upon commerciality, leading eventually to privatisation of the industry.

To this end a process of restructuring of the water authorities began. The 1983 Water Act was the first move. It halved the number of members on each water authority to 15. Members were now exclusively appointed by the Secretary of State with CBI members appointed to 9 of the 10 Authorities. All but one have chosen to meet in secret. The National Water Council, the national co-ordinating body for the water authorities, passed out of existence.

The structure is now no barrier to privatisation. But the finances still are — hence the parliamentary row over water charges. In order to make sustained profits for the foreseeable future, water authorities will have to charge more for their services. The authorities do not at the moment set aside money for the future replacement of crumbling pipes, drains and reservoirs, because they know that they can increase their charges when the need arises. As private companies they could not be run this way, because shareholders would want to be sure that they weren't going to be asked to stump up the funds when the time came.

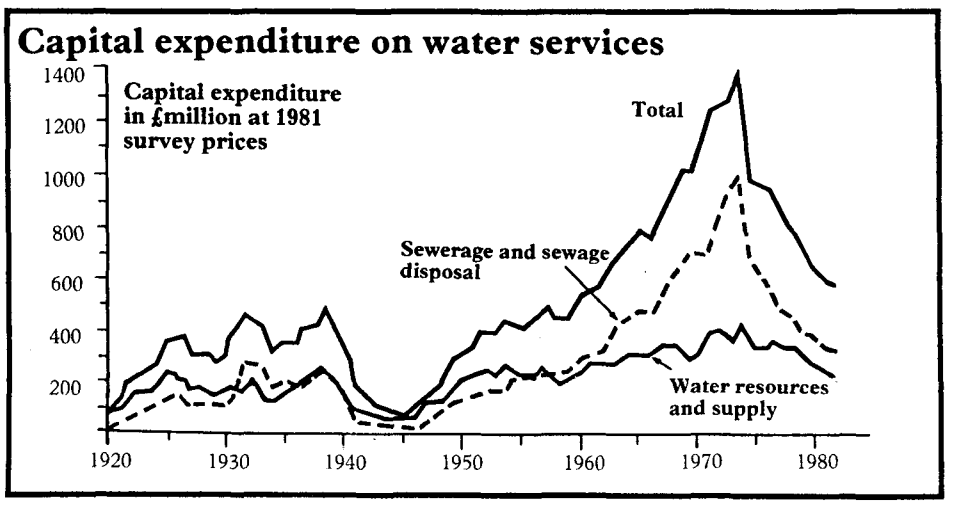
To help solve both of these problems the RWAs were directed to switch from historic to current cost accounting in 1981. Assets must now be valued at current replacement cost even where, like the £170 million Kielder Dam, the asset is now redundant. Water authorities are now obliged to realise an annual percentage return on the total value of their assets. As Len Hill, the not-normally dissident chairman of the Water Authorities Association, said: 'The industry is being asked to make more money than is necessary to run the industry. Some of us find that objectionable.'

ALL THIS might be less objectionable if it were to result in much needed job creating investment. Unfortunately this is not the case. The RWAs are constrained by government cash limits and the cut, last November, in their borrowing limit. Their *capital* investment has been reduced to a level which Thames described in 1982 as 'substantially below the authority's preferred level of expenditure'. In its last review before being wound up, the National Water Council observed that: 'In real terms the level of capital expenditure on water supply and sewerage and sewage disposal has been cut to less than half the level authorised by the Government in 1973, the year before the Water Authorities were established.'

So we arrive at the crux of the matter. If the RWAs are not to spend their increased revenues on new capital investment, what is the purpose of the increased revenue from higher charges?

As the RWAs are to be self-financing, it will go to decrease government borrowing. This is apparently all that Ian Gow meant when he claimed that the higher rates of return would enable new investment. But it will not only reduce government borrowing; it will eventually permit a repayment of outstanding debts. Thames arrived at this position in 1982 when it became a net contributor to the Treasury by a modest £2 million. Following the Commons approval of the increases for 1985/86 this figure will rise to £60 million next year, soon clearing Thames's inherited debts. Thames will then be a ripe candidate for the market place. □

Michael Synnott is writing a PhD thesis on water authorities and planning at the London School of Economics.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BLUEING THE BLACK STUFF

Mark Hollingsworth reports on Tory desires — and plans — to privatise the profitable pits

AT 3.30 PM ON 20 December 1984 — the day Parliament broke up for Christmas recess — a Treasury consultative document was quietly published with no press conference and no press release. The document dealt with nationalised industries and included some startling indications of the long-term prospects for the coal industry.

The plan proposes sweeping powers for ministers 'which would allow private capital to be introduced and assets sold'. 'Powers, involving a Parliamentary procedure, would be taken, allowing Ministers to require that assets are privatised in accordance with their instructions.' The document specifically lists the National Coal Board as an 'industry to be covered by the proposed legislation'.

A plan to privatise the coal industry would certainly find favour in key places. Just two weeks earlier, the NCB Chairman Ian MacGregor had told a City of London lunch that the sale of mines to private enterprise would have his full approval. 'I personally think that would be wonderful', he said. MacGregor aded: 'Unfortunately, when the mining industry was nationalised the legislation was written to ensure that it couldn't be privatised easily without passing some brand new legislation. I doubt whether it would be appropriate to start that up in the middle of a dispute'.

And at last year's Tory party conference activist David Saunders declared: 'The mines should be sold off, region by region, pit by pit'. He received rapturous applause. Tony Speller, vice-chairman of the Conservative back-benchers energy committee and a member of the Commons select committee on energy, estimated last October that at least 240 of his Parliamentary colleagues would support a substantial slice of the coal industry being hived off to the private sector.

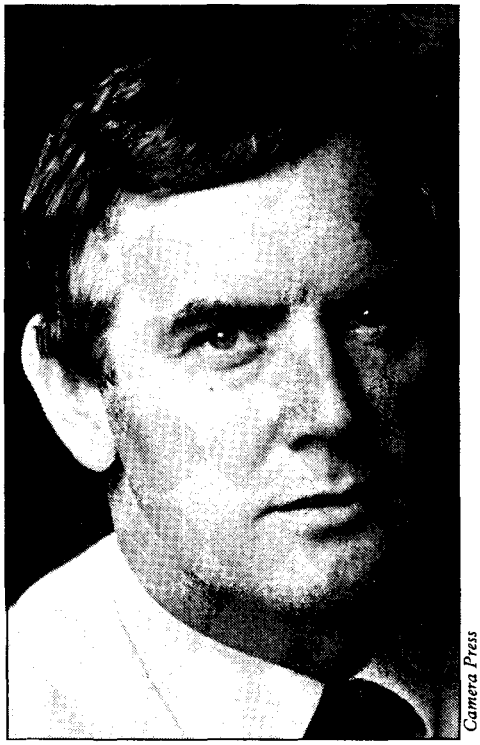
PRIVATISATION of coal first surfaced in May 1978, in the infamous pre-election Ridley Report, details of which were leaked to the *Economist*. This policy memorandum advocated a bill which would 'end statutory monopolies in the public sector' including the coal industry. Ridley, whose family had lucrative private interests in the Durham and Northumberland coalfields before they were nationalised in 1947, is a long-time supporter of privatisation. In March 1976, he proposed a Coal Industry (Amendment) Bill which would have helped private mining companies by transferring their licences from the NCB to the government. It was defeated by 51 votes but was supported by 154 Tory MPs.

Such policies had strong backing from senior Conservatives. Lord Ezra, former Chairman of the NCB, recalls having a meeting with Sir Keith Joseph just before the 1979 general election: 'He (Joseph) said the Conservative view was that the profitable mines should be sold off and he accepted that they could well be sold off to the mineworkers', Ezra told ITV's *World in Action.*

Once in government, these ideas were laid aside. Instead, there was to be a rapid expansion of nuclear power as a leaked Cabinet minute from October 1979, revealed: 'A nuclear programme would have the advantage of removing a substantial portion of electricity production from the dangers of disruption by industrial action by coal miners or transport workers'. But after the government had backed down over pit closures in February 1981, new plans for coal were being developed. In 1981 a liaison committee of senior officials from the NCB and the Energy Department met regularly to draft proposals to attract private investment. Throughout 1982 and early 1983 these ideas were considered by John Moore, then Energy Under-Secretary and Minister for Coal, and Nigel Lawson, then Energy Secretary. However, references to the plan were left out of the 1983 election manifesto.

DETAILS OF THE proposals only emerged at a lunch on Thursday, 3 May 1984, when John Moore — now 'Mr Privatisation' at the Treasury — briefed Robert Porter, the *Daily Mail*'s Political Correspondent and Graham Paterson, of the *Daily Telegraph*. Moore revealed how a Cabinet sub-committee had supported plans to inject private capital into the coal industry. In return for their investment, open-cast mines would be privatised. This would benefit civil engineering companies like Taylor Woodrow, Wimpey and Trafalgar House who operate the open-cast pits but whose profits are reduced by their licences being held by the NCB.

When the *Mail* and *Telegraph* began to check out the story, Whitehall responded with frantic denials particularly by Bernard Ingham, Downing Street's press secretary. At least one senior minister rang the *Mail* asking for the story to be spiked and it did not appear. Unfortunately for the government, details of their part-privatisation plans had reached Anthony Bevins, *The Times*'s political correspondent. He published on 5 May a story under the headline 'Private Funds May Be Sought For NCB Expansion'. This provoked Peter Walker into action. That same evening (Saturday), the energy minister rang Andrew Neil, Editor of the *Sunday Times*, to deny the story. Neil, who was Walker's political assistant when he was environment minister in the Heath cabinet and is a close friend, wrote part of the *Sunday Times* story — 'Pits Will Not Go Private, Say Ministers'. This included a denial from John Moore who was said to be merely 'thinking out loud'.



Camera Press

John Moore — 'Mr Privatisation' — is less private than Peter Walker would like him to be

The key Cabinet sub-committee turns out to be Disposal and Privatisation of State Assets (known as EDL — Economic Disposals), which is chaired by Nigel Lawson and includes Norman Tebbit and Moore. It was Tebbit who first raised the possibility of privatisation of the pits. He produced the idea at the end of a speech at a Press Gallery lunch in the Commons on 4 April 1984. I wonder whether we would have a coal mining dispute if we had denationalised the coal industry 10 or 20 years go', he remarked. 'I would fancy we would have cheaper coal, cheaper power, better-paid miners and a more efficient economy today. It is a thought for the future'. The next day Bernard Ingham told lobby correspondents that Tebbit had volunteered an apology for his 'silly comment'.

Peter Walker has been extremely anxious to deflate the various disclosures by Moore of privatisation while the strike drags on. However, the Energy Minister's opposition to the pits being sold off has been outweighed by the sheer volume of support for privatisation on the Tory back-benches. Eight Conservative MPs signed a Commons motion on 30 January 1985, unambiguously calling for 'the privatisation of the coal industry as the best means of securing jobs in the industry and meeting the needs of the consumers of coal, and further providing a unique opportunity for the NUM leadership to invest its money where its mouth is'. Among the signatories was John Wheeler who is consered a wet in the Tory party.

Perhaps even more significant is the backing of Conservative MP Peter Rost, Secretary of the Commons Select Committee on Energy since 1979. On 4 February 1985, he said: 'There must be privatisation and better management . . . We could sell off some of the profitable pits, so that the Coal Board could concentrate on putting right the unprofitable pits'. If this were to happen, the remaining nationalised part of the industry could continue to be attacked as a lame duck. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CONFESSIONS OF A HERETIC

Anna Coote has the temerity to argue that losing union funding may do the Labour Party good. It might at last be galvanised into winning support on its own merits

IT IS A TENSE moment for the Labour Party. Tory legislation is forcing trade unions to ballot their members on whether to continue paying the political levy. Extensive 'opting out' of political funds would play havoc with the Party's finances. Many fear that it would destroy Labour by severing traditional links with the 'organised working class'. A few heretics are starting to ask out loud whether it may not, in the long run, be a blessing.

This is a socialist heresy. It poses the question: if the Labour Party is seriously committed to socialism, does its relationship with the unions help or hinder its capacity to deliver?

It was never a love match between the two — more a marriage of convenience. Keir Hardie and other socialists in the Independent Labour Party came to believe (as Ralph Miliband has recorded) 'that a party like theirs, with a socialist programme, could not hope to attract sufficient support to become a serious political force'. They needed an alliance with the unions, but the unions were mostly Liberal and suspicious or downright hostile to the idea of socialism.

So a British compromise was reached. The Labour Representation Committee (the egg that hatched the present Labour Party) was founded in February 1900. Its purpose was declared to be 'the representation of working-class opinion by men sympathetic with the aims and demands of the Labour movement'. Those aims and demands were tactfully not specified. An alternative proposal, which would have committed the LRC to the 'socialisation of the means of production, distribution and exchange', was set aside.

Most unions later switched their allegiance to Labour and in 1918 the Party adopted a programme for common ownership and social reform. Nonetheless, the nature of the relationship has remained the same: a pragmatic alliance based on compromise and convenience, not on any shared commitment to socialism.

Of course, there are strong radical strands within the trade union movement. Unions have fought — and are fighting — historic battles on behalf of the working class. But the basic character of British trade unionism is not socialist. This factor has had a formative and continuing influence over Labour policy and practice.

I had better define what I mean by socialism. Others may disagree, but for me it entails not only redistribution of wealth and power, nor simply common ownership of the means of production, distribution and exchange. It also involves a commitment to equality in the broadest sense, and to the elimination of discrimination. It embraces all these things in all aspects of our lives — not only at work, but also in the community and the home.

Trade unionism is essentially about people who share specific interests related to the workplace joining together in order to defend those interests — against the employer and, crucially, against other groups of workers. Unions are in the business of creating and maintaining pay differentials. They are about keeping certain people in certain jobs and others out; about negotiating for conflicting interests, not solving conflict within the working class. Strongly organised groups fare better than those who are less well organised. The unions are concerned first and foremost with the workplace and only tangentially, if at all, with the community and the home.

As such, they may favour redistribution of wealth and power. They are not antipathetic to the principle of common ownership. But they are not sympathetic to the principle of equality.

Their character was formed in the early period of craft unionism, when the main purpose was to control entry to skilled jobs and regulate pay and conditions for elite groups of workers. Yet even when the general unions were formed, these had to operate on territory that was already marked out. Semi-skilled and un-skilled workers had to defend their interests in relation to the skilled; women in relation to men. This pattern has remained largely unchanged, based on division of labour and inequality within the working class.

MY POINT is not to criticise, but to demystify. It is surely the legitimate function of trade unions to protect the varied and conflicting interests of their members. The trouble is that the Left has expected too much of them — looking to the unions to provide a political backbone for a socialist party.

For better or worse, Labour is the nearest thing we've got to a mass party identified with socialist objectives. But ever since its infancy, it has allowed its association with the unions to serve as a substitute for developing real socialist politics.

The block vote has been taken as a guarantee of the Party's working-class credentials. The political levy justifies the block vote and makes it all seem worthwhile. Feeling itself securely knitted into the working class through its own indigenous organisations, Labour has never recognised the need to build up a primary political organisation, by and for working-class people. The fatal error was to assume that the unions could do the job instead — to imagine that these essentially economic institutions could serve a fully-fledged political function in the cause of socialism.

One result has been that the Party's links with the working class are extremely limited. The class consists of so much more than employed people organised around the workplace. Labour has no organic links with working-class women who are not in paid, unionised work, nor with young people, pensioners or the unemployed.

There's no evidence that the Party's own grassroots organisations (the constituency parties) can fill the void. They have never had front line status in the Party. They are poor

New Statesman

Annual subscription rates*

*6 months & 3 months subscription pro rata

UK & Eire £37; Europe (airmail only) £41
Rest of world: air speeded £41; air mail £52

USA: air speeded $62; air mail $83
Canada: air speeded Can $72; air mail Can $97

Student subscription rates available on request

Please note: payment by cheque in Sterling, US/Canadian Dollars, or International Money Order only

Please complete this form and post to:
NS Subscriptions, 14-16 Farringdon Lane
London EC1R 3AU

Name .....

Address .....

.....

.....
(BLOCK CAPITALS PLEASE)

I enclose £/$ .....

New Statesman
RESEARCH DIRECTORY

On 8 March the **New Statesman** will publish its Research Directory, designed to be of practical value to researchers, writers, teachers and students. It will provide a readily available source of information on what courses are available, funding and scholarships and a guide to the variety of libraries, museums and archives open to those engaged in research.

An entry in the directory can cost as little as £10!

For full details of advertising rates, telephone **David Jones** on **01-251 5487**, or write to **Advertisement Dept (RD), New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU. Deadline for bookings: Friday 1 March.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

relations at Conference; marginal places for marginal people. They are too weak to provide any real impetus for mass organisation. Where they do provide a focus for activism, that in itself tends to be marginalised, because it lacks a proper power base.

This is not the unions' fault. The problem lies with the Party. And the problem won't be solved by the Party repudiating the unions. Undoubtedly, there ought to be a strong alliance between the two. But the alliance needs to be reinvented. To create a new kind of relationship, based on a new awareness of what each can and cannot achieve. I have heard some Labour activists say that the political levy ballots will provide a great opportunity to 'politicise the unions'. There is some scope for that, but the real opportunity is to politicise the Labour Party.

Take the example of the miners' support groups. They have sprung up spontaneously, linking the needs of mining communities to the struggle at the workplace. They have engendered a new form of politics, especially among women — and the effect has spread well beyond, to men and children, young and old. What will happen to them when the strike is over? How can all that political dynamism be fostered and extended? Where will they find a continuing political focus? Isn't this just where the Labour Party ought to come into its own?

The unemployed are another case in point. People on the Left often complain about the unions' failure to organise the jobless. Trade unions are designed to organise people around employment. It is probably beyond their capacity to organise the unemployed in any sustained way. But need it be beyond the scope of the Labour Party?

No one on the Left can relish the prospect of Labour losing any of its union funding. It is in enough trouble already. But if that happens, there may be some positive consequences. It could prompt a reassessment of the way all political parties are financed, and at least ensure that some awkward questions are asked about Tory party funds. It could break the taboo which has prevented any serious left-wing challenge to the block-voting system. The Labour Party might then be galvanised into going out and winning political and financial support on its own merits, instead of living off its dubious inheritance. If the Right has forced the issue, that is a pity. The Left should have taken responsibility for it long ago. □

WHAT DO YOU READ?

Are you in an intellectual or even a religious rut? There is a massive literature, classical and modern, containing great comprehensive ideas linking the latest modern scientific and philosophic thought with knowledge and wisdom as old as the world itself — Theosophy.

For information write to:
The Blavatsky Trust (B)
P.O. Box 16, London W3 6HS

RATE-CAPPING

TOWN HALL TOMBOLA

Arch-bungler Patrick Jenkin approaches another banana skin. Tony Travers assesses his chances of avoiding it

AS THE 1985 rate-capping saga approaches its climax, Environment Secretary Patrick Jenkin's strategy still has a decidedly shaky look about it. At the same time, the solidarity shown so far by the rate-capped councils against Jenkin is widely viewed with scepticism. But, quite apart from who might 'win', what is 'winning' all about?

The story so far. Between 1979 and 1983, the Conservatives try to cut local government *current* (as opposed to capital) spending. Overall, they fail. A long-standing Tory promise to get rid of household rates is not fulfilled. During the 1983 election campaign, Mrs Thatcher promises to limit rates by law. The new Conservative government passes the Rates Act to allow rate capping to fulfil that promise. Patrick Jenkin announces in July 1984 that there will be 18 'ratecappees' in 1985-6. The 18 are told to assume that rate caps will be set on the basis that they will spend the same cash amount in 1985-6 as in 1984-5 — for GLC, ILEA and Greenwich, the government further asks for a 1½ per cent cash cut. The 16 Labour-controlled ratecappees decide not to appeal for a higher spending level. In December 1984, the government publishes a rate cap for each authority based on July spending levels.

This brings us to the last six weeks. The statements made by government and the local authorities (and the actions taken by each side) have become more subtle. The sabre rattling of the months between July and December 1984 involved the local authorities in threatening various kinds of non-compliance with the Rates Act. The government responded by giving the impression that non-compliance would lead to tough action and that there would never again be any 'concessions' of the kind achieved by Liverpool in its 1984 battle with Whitehall.

Both sides have inevitably overstated their strength. Solidarity on the local government side has never been as great as the folklore claimed. Individual authorities have found ways of communicating with the government about spending levels and rate caps, despite a policy decision among the rate-capped only to talk collectively to the Environment Department on such issues. The DoE, on the other hand, has been making decisions about rate-capping on the basis of a chronic lack of local information, while attempting to second-guess every possible legal challenge which might arise out of the ill-considered Rates Act.

The government and the local authorities both have things going for them. Patrick Jenkin and his officials know that there are considerable pressures on councillors to set legal rates on time. These pressures arise not out of the Rates Act, but out of the existing statutes which place upon local authorities the duty to keep within their means, to repay their debts, not to incur losses wilfully and, in the case of county authorities, like the GLC, to notify the actual rating authorities of their demand for cash within 21 days of the start of the financial year. Councillors who wilfully incur loss for their ratepayers face personal bankruptcy and disqualification from public office.

The Rates Act, though, has created dangers for the DoE. Court cases to challenge the operation of rate-capping have already been initiated. The government has to be certain that every single step it takes will stand examination in the courts all the way to the House of Lords.

THE GOVERNMENT set rate caps for the 18 selected authorities in December, when it announced the 1985-6 Rate Support Grant (RSG). This was the obvious time to do so. Having set a spending level to be used as the basis for rate-capping (in the previous July), the Environment Department simply ran the same

Rate-capped Councils

	Set expenditure level	1984-5 rate	1985-6 rate limit	% change 84-5 to 85-6
Basildon	£13.662m	42.80p	50.33p	+17.59
Brent	£140.021m	193.42p	196.42p	+1.55
Camden	£117.429m	91.94p	92.02p	+0.09
GLC	£785.233m	36.55p	36.52p	-0.08
Greenwich	£66.584m	118.91p	96.42p	-18.91
Hackney	£82.315m	119.30p	114.09p	-4.37
Haringey	£128.658m	229.16p	222.17p	-3.05
ILEA	£900.366m	80.00p	74.19p	-7.26
Islington	£85.564m	122.74p	111.21p	-9.39
Lambeth	£113.559m	122.34p	107.57p	-12.07
Leicester	£24.392m	37.50p	16.27p	-56.61
Lewisham	£79.301m	115.74p	87.49p	-24.41
Merseyside	£205.190m	65.00p	82.86p	+27.48
Portsmouth	£16.751m	27.20p	26.88p	-1.18
Sheffield	£216.573m	208.24p	207.07p	-0.56
Southwark	£108.437m	149.74p	112.69p	-24.74
South Yorkshire	£178.291m	83.30p	81.32p	-2.38
Thamesdown	£14.199m	54.19p	57.22p	+5.59

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

figure set for each authority through the 1985-6 RSG forumulae to work out how much grant each would get. The gap between the set spending level and the grant would have to be made up in rates.

Applying this cash difference to the individual authority's rateable value produced a 'rate poundage' for each. These are listed on p14, along with the spending levels upon which they are based and the authority's 1984-5 rate. The percentage change between the 1984-5 rate and the 1985-6 capped rate is also shown. Far from producing any logical pattern, or limited rate reduction in each authority, this rate-capping exercise had led to a huge cut of 57 per cent in one authority and a 27 per cent increase in another. How could this be?

First, remember that the rate requirement in each authority for 1985-6 was the gap between a set spending level and a calculated grant receipt. For a number of councils, this calculated level of rate support grant was much higher than they had received the previous year. This was partly because for 1985-6 the government changed the rules for setting expenditure 'targets', which were increased. In 1984-5 authorities that went over their 'targets' incurred severe grant penalties. But this year the set spending levels for rate capping and each authority's expenditure target were close (in three cases identical). Not much by way of penalties can be triggered in 1985-6, because the 'cap' is reached soon after the 'target', so for many councils huge extra grants will flow in because there can be little or no 'overspend' of target.

Second, the government had to take account of the fact that the spending levels which it had set in July 1984 were more severe than appeared at first sight. The government had asked fifteen of the eighteen councils to spend the same in 1985-6 as in 1984-5 and the other three to make a 1½ per cent cash cut. With 5 per cent inflation, this implied cuts in real terms of between 5 and 6½ per cent. But many of the ratecappees made it clear that they had in fact been spending rather more in their 1984-5 budgets than official figures suggested. This had been done quite legally, by the use of money which had been put aside in 'special funds' in earlier years.

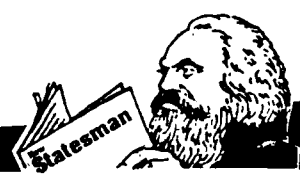
Thus an authority which appeared to be spending £85 million in the year could actually be providing services worth £95 million. However, its rate cap was set in relation to the £85 million figure. The government did not want to appear completely unreasonable in setting rate caps, and thus had to take account of spending financed out of special funds.

Third, the government set rate caps which sought to take account of each authority's bank balances. Leicester, for example, was known to have large amounts of cash in the bank. Its rate cap was set on the assumption that it took much of the money out in order to hold down its rate in 1985-6. Islington, on the other hand, had run down its reserves in 1984-5 and the government had to ensure that it had working balances sufficient to cope with any contingencies during 1985-6. Its rate cap therefore included an addition to its reserves.

Since the rate-capped authorities (with a few exceptions) have not communicated with the government, in setting the rate caps Whitehall civil servants had to rely on last year's statistical returns, this year's estimates, any published material (ie budget documents), information provided by opposition councillors, information provided unofficially by the rate-capped councils and, in the final analysis, on pure guesswork. It is in this area that the local authorities hope to trip the government up. If, say, the government has made a decision about a rate cap based upon a false assumption about available balances, a court might declare that the Secretary of State had behaved unreasonably.

There has, as a result, already been considerable revision of some of the rate caps set in December. The government has so far laid three Statutory Instruments before the House of Commons. One (with the rate precept limits for the three county councils and the ILEA) was passed by the Commons in mid-February. One

POLITICAL PUBLICATIONS



Advertise your political publications in this monthly page at special low rates. Contact Michael Roberts 01-253 2001 for full details.

Next feature 12 April

STILL AVAILABLE:* NS *Report 8

WHO CARES?

The Future of the NHS

edited by John Rentoul

£1.95 incl. p&p.

Orders with remittance to: **Ted Peacock, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU**

JEWISH SOCIALIST

A NEW QUARTERLY MAGAZINE

First Issue – OUT NOW

Antisemitism and Racism

Where is Israel Going?

Jewish Socialist Women

Bundism and Zionism

Yiddish Today

SUBSCRIBE NOW

Subscription £3.50 a year

Jewish Socialist JSG BM3725 London WC1N 3XX

STATE OF SIEGE

POLITICS AND POLICING IN THE COAL FIELDS

JIM COULTER
SUSAN MILLER
MARTIN WALKER

£3.50

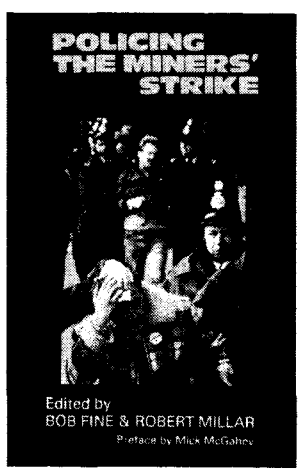
A powerful intervention countering the orchestrated barrage of force and propaganda directed by the state against the miners.

"...your report will help people to think about what is happening and hopefully join us in the fightback". Arthur Scargill (Pres. NUM)

STATE OF SIEGE
(ISBN: 0 9509967 0 X)
Canary Press 5th Dec84

HOUSMANS DISTRIBUTION
5 Caledonian Road
London N1 9DX
(usual trade terms)

MINERS' STRIKE 1984



Available now!

POLICING THE MINERS' STRIKE

Bob Fine & Robert Millar (eds.)

Preface by Mick McGahey

Contributors include: Martin Kettle, Sarah Spencer, Phil Scraton, Paddy Hillyard, Cathie Lloyd, Paul Okojie

This book analyses the changes in police practices during the strike and assesses the threat they pose to both civil liberties and trade unionism in Britain.

£4.95pb, £12.50hb

ALSO AVAILABLE: Last Cage Down by Harold Heslop. A novel of industrial conflict in the Durham coalfield. 'Embodies the traditions of mining folk culture . . . a powerful story' — Ken Worpole in *City Limits*. *£4.50pb*

LAWRENCE & WISHART LTD
39 MUSEUM STREET, LONDON, WC1A 1LQ

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(with the rate limits for the remaining authorities) was withdrawn, only to be replaced by another which was itself withdrawn. All three Orders contained changes to the rate caps originally set. The final set of revised caps was passed by Parliament on 25 February.

THE AMENDED rate caps are listed below, showing the new rate limit and the percentage change that this new figure implies compared with the 1984-5 rate:

	New rate limit	% change 84-5 to new 85-6 limit
ILEA	77.25p	-3.44
Hackney	147.18	+23.37
Islington	112.07	-8.76
Leicester	25.22	-32.75
Lewisham	99.66	-13.89
Haringey	268.50	+17.17

ILEA was changed in the first order published. The next four authorities were amended in the second order, while Haringey was altered in the third order. The changes were made as 'new information' became available to the DoE.

The authorities themselves must have realised that it might be possible to go on stretching out the process of getting the rate limits through Parliament. Haringey's higher limit was only set after the borough got the District Auditor to agree in writing that its actual level of spending in 1984-5 would involve deficit having to be carried over into 1985-6. This extra spending in 1984-5 had to be accomodated within the 1985-6 rate cap. It was, of course, possible that other authorities might in future try to find last minute items which might oblige the DoE to raise *their* rate caps also. Indeed, if the government raised the caps of some authorities but not others which might be in similar circumstances, would this not be 'unreasonable' in itself?

Patrick Jenkin is well aware of the dangers. Authorities have been demanding details of how the caps were set, so they can judge for themselves whether the government has been acting reasonably. The DoE has so far flatly refused such information, on the grounds that the Rates Act does not demand its disclosure and that, if any of the rate-capped authorities had in fact appealed for higher spending levels or rate caps, then the government would have disclosed any detailed calculations to the authority concerned, but they did not do so.

Positions have hardened and the courts are now involved. The GLC has gone to court to seek a judical review. Last week the judge told the GLC the DoE should show the court the information which would allow it to decide whether the DoE's procedures were, in fact, reasonable. Depending on the final result of the GLC challenge, other legal actions are likely to follow. The courts will be told by the government that each authority has had opportunities to apply for higher spending levels or rate caps. The authorities will counter by stating that whether or not they have applied for changes to spending levels or rate caps, the law should be administered reasonably.

If the local authorities win, it would not only cause the government acute embarrassment. It could throw rate capping for 1985-6 into total confusion. The odds must be on the government, but the courts have a wonderful habit of springing surprises. □

Not airwaving but drowning

Anne Karpf

REMEMBER, you read it first here: Radio London is thinking of turning itself into a women's station. Imagine: instead of the strained jollity of Tony Blackburn, serving up 'come hither' innuendo between the records, there could be a real live woman who doesn't patronise other women. Well, a gal can dream.

Radio London itself may be a minor speck on the face of British broadcasting, but it's the first time that such a bold notion about women and radio has ever been officially floated. It's one of 20 options currently being considered by Richard Francis, Managing Director of BBC Radio, to reshape Radio London (which desperately needs it). Unfortunately, though liked by the main author of the Radio London report, BBC executive Alan Rodgers, the woman option isn't the front runner.

Rodgers envisaged a station run mostly by women, fronted by women — not a feminist station (though that would form part of the output) — appealing to a mix of ages, incomes, and ethnic groups. Audience research on the proposal got a warm response: half of the London women sampled were very or fairly interested in the idea.

But Rodgers and the study group he chaired lost their nerve: they ended up clearly recommending another option, which would build on the 'known strengths' of radio, rather than trying something new, though it must be impossible to gauge the potential interest in such a station before it has been tried.

It seems like a mighty long time we've been having this 'women and media' debate; but, while other media have attracted feminist critiques and lobbying, radio has been relatively exempt. Yet the range of images of women available on British radio remains woefully limited, hanging on the twin notions of the public man and the domestic woman.

Women are almost only audible on radio when situated in the domestic realm. The rest of the time — the evenings on Radios 3 and 4, for instance — we're offered an apparently ungendered world, which addresses political and social concerns and high culture and just happens to be mediated and presented by men. Where women unusually do occupy those spaces — high-fliers like Mary Goldring, presenter of 'Analysis' — they deny any connection with their gender.

And where women are addressed as women — notably on daytime radio — the assumptions are lamentably crude. Helen Baehr and Michele Ryan's study 'Shut Up and Listen: Women and Local Radio' (Comedia), found that commercial radio stations had coined a mythical prototype listener. Said Essex Radio: 'We call our average listener Doreen... Doreen isn't stupid, but she's only listening with half an ear and doesn't necessarily understand "long words".' She's a housewife with a working husband (this may already make her atypical) and children at school. She doesn't work outside the home, does all the housework and is generally content.

In fact, not only are 54 per cent of mothers with children under 16 in the (paid) workforce, only 5 per cent of British households conform to the traditional nuclear family. Also working-class women at home with small children are likeliest of all to suffer from depression.

Daytime radio offers escapism. Radio 2 DJ David Hamilton: 'I've got this picture of a housewife, young or young at heart. She's probably on her own virtually all day. She's bored with the routine of housework and with her own company and for her I'm the slightly cheeky romantic visitor'.

No wonder there are so few weekday daytime women DJs. One commercial radio executive said he avoided them because 'they thought they had to talk about nappies all the time'; and another BBC executive that listeners would resent it if a woman DJ talked about housework, but from a man it was just light-hearted.

But there's exciting news in the pipeline. London may soon have its own women's radio studio, funded by the GLC, if a meeting today gives the go-ahead. It will be run by Women's Airwaves, the feminist radio group, who would then have the facility to make a regular women's programme for a local radio station (Radio London ?). It will also be a production and training centre, offering opportunities to women who've never dreamt of using radio before, as well as women performers and writers, making programmes for broadcast, and other distribution.

Meanwhile, back in the BBC, there's an inquiry into the promotion, or lack of it, of women in radio. And on women and media in general, two interesting new moves directed at broadcasting workers. The Campaign for Press and Broadcasting Freedom has a proposed new Code of Conduct on sexism in the media, almost certain to be adopted at this weekend's AGM.

It opposes the trivialised and sensational treatment of women in the media and seeks to promote a positive representation of women which reflects all aspects of their — our — contribution to working, social, and political life. The very antithesis of 'Doreen'. The initial response of women officers in the media unions has been positive.

It's something to campaign around — and coincides with the year of campaigning planned by the National Union of Journalists' Equality Working Party to combat stereotypes of women, black people, people with disabilities, lesbians and gay men. There's life in the old debate yet. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DIARY

The British Rail ads that boast the superiority of the train over the aeroplane struck a sympathetic chord with this traveller. Not just because I've had to endure another transatlantic flight — having left my tribe to the vicissitudes of the Land of the Free — but also because of American trains. In particular, the *Amtrak* line between Washington and New York. The US gauge is wider than Britain's, and the carriages there should be as superb today as they were before the motor car...and the plane. Americans, however, seem obsessed with the notion that the only acceptable form of group travel is in the air. They model their new trains as if they had been made by an old assembly line at Boeing. Accordingly, the seats are crushed together, face one way, have plastic 'pop-down' trays and are designed so that, if you stand up in a window seat, you bang your head on the baggage rack, just as you would on a plane. Even the windows are like elongated portholes.

○

One of the saddest sights that can be seen from them is the 'Trenton Makes' Bridge. In New Jersey the *Amtrak* line goes through Trenton, which used to be a hive of industry, in iron, steel, cable and especially crockery and pottery — for which it was once the main manufacturing centre in North America. Our old Chambers' Encyclopedia of 1895 describes Trenton as a 'handsome city' with 'delightfully shaded' streets. No more: it looks as clapped out as anywhere in the North of England. Yet on the side of the road-bridge across the Delaware the town's slogan still hangs, indeed, now it is even in lights: TRENTON MAKES THE WORLD TAKES. It remains with me as a symbol of Reagan's America: a longing for the past when America made it and the world took it. Today, perhaps only British politicians (and French socialists) swallow America wholesale, probably because they themselves have their own heavy lines in such nostalgia. The hysterical London headlines that greeted Thatcher's 'triumphant' address to the joint Houses of Congress quite failed to understand the theatre of the occasion. Nobody in the States thinks of these events as real any longer. It is not an accident, to use a good, old-fashioned phrase, that Mondale's chief speech writer has just got a job with Walt Disney.

○

Another American institution with the unmistakable smell of decline about it is the United Nations. I popped in to the reception held to salute the retirement of Mr E. Reddy, who ran the anti-apartheid desk and who now, unhappily, leaves his post. The building is full of works of art donated by member nations to impress others. It has always struck me as hugely ironic, and very telling, that an enormous wall-hanging from China dominates the delegates' lounge itself. It is like an immense woven rug, with the sort of luminous colours one sees in carpet shops that sell 'Stag at Bay'. Only no human or animal life is represented in this wondrous work of many thousand hands. Instead, it is a landscape filled by the Great Wall, which stretches miles into the far distance, across valley and mountain. Thus does the largest object ever made to *separate* peoples adorn a key site within the so called 'United Nations'.

○

I came back to the sad news that my sister has finally put down her cat. It was known, among other epithets, as Giggles, and lasted 15 years; an especially notable duration as his — or rather its — main attribute was that it behaved like a rather nice dog. But how much of your life can you dedicate to a pet? As my sister says, she is missing Giggles now much more than it is missing her. Yet there is still a note of concern, almost guilt, at having to take responsibility for the termination of a much liked life. I tried to find her a suitable card, but despite all the multitude of events for which these are now made, I failed to find one for the putting down of a domestic animal. In my mind's eye the front would express many condolences for the tragic loss, while inside it would say 'Congratulations on finally getting rid of the smelly old beast'.

○

I missed the Ponting trial, and got back just in time for the row over the 20/20 Vision MI5 film. I guess the programme makers must have got on to Cathy Massiter from her letter to *New*

Society last June about the fate of Michael Bettaney — I clipped it as one of the most remarkable letters I'd read in a long time. I'm looking forward to writing in the future about the great explosion of secrecy now under way. It's odd, though, to look through a three-week pile of newspapers in one go: time gets compressed. Saatchi opens his gallery as Collets seek to close their political bookshop; there is something unpleasant and as yet hidden about both these developments. The collapse of the pound means that all those 'uneconomic pits' are now competitive again, and it will pay to keep them open....Big news, but strange to say it didn't make the front pages.

○

Another mix of news stories that struck me was cannabis and software. At parties in the '60s there were usually people in an upstairs room smoking pot. In the '70s, they came downstairs. Now in the '80s, illicit, or semi-licit activity once more goes on upstairs — the pirating of software. I can no more condemn this new 'crime' than I could the old. Ian Botham was no more guilty — or rather he is just as guilty — as Clive Ponting. It is a scandal that Botham should be fined £100 for the possession of two grammes of grass in his own home when anyone can go down the road, get drunk, get into a car and only be considered a danger once they start the engine. I do not believe in conspiracies, but on this issue I'm sure that without the vested interests of the huge beer and whisky lobby it would today be as legal to be mildly stoned as it is to be dead drunk. Similarly with software. Parliament has now rushed through a bill to make copying illegal. But, as I think Jack Schofield pointed out in the *Guardian*, prices are far too high. I was OK as my 'Wordstar' came packaged with my Osborne. A representative of Micropro, its originator, said that perhaps eight illegal copies are made for every one sold. But if they dropped the price from over £250 to, say, £75 very few would pirate and Micropro would make a lot more money.

Islander

ROGER WODDIS

Cats, dogs and others

Concern has been expressed for the future of dozens of animals kept at 21 DHSS centres for the homeless, now due for closure.

Oh, what's to become of Tina,
The lovable Manchester cat
Who lives at the Walkden centre,
The scourge of the mouse and the rat?
Her murderous days are numbered,
She faces the future with dread —
Oh, what's going to happen to Tina
Without a roof over her head?

There's doubt and despair in Derby
That raises a sob in the throat:
Who'll succour the dog and the donkey?
What fate for their favourite goat?
When rabbits are robbed of their hutches,
We cannot stand idly by —
Oh, how can one live with a conscience,
While turkeys are doomed to die?

Concern for the animal kingdom,
Which all decent citizens share,
Demands at the least a petition,
If only to show that we care.
The chicken means more than the stricken
To those with a sensitive mind,
And shelters for ducks and pheasants
Than homes for the human kind.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PADDLING IN THE NUCLEAR POOL

New Zealand's rebuff to US nuclear arrogance is only part of a wider revolt against the use of the Pacific for dumping, testing and Cold War jostling. Jane Dibblin reports

WILLIAM BODE JR, former US ambassador in the South Pacific in 1980-1, is reported to have warned Washington that, if the nuclear powers in the Pacific weren't careful, protests against nuclear testing and dumping would turn into a comprehensive demand for a 'nuclear-free Pacific'. This would threaten American relations throughout the region.

His predictions have been proved correct. But New Zealand's nuclear-free declaration, with the ensuing ban on visiting nuclear warships and the suspension of Anzus naval exercises is only the most publicised tip of the growing movement against the nuclearisation of the Pacific.

In 1975 the first conference on a nuclear free Pacific was held in Fiji. In 1983 representatives of 28 Pacific nations and groups attended the latest conference in Vanuatu. The week beginning 1 March is now regularly celebrated as Nuclear Free and Independent Pacific week. This year it marks the 31st anniversary of the first nuclear test on Bikini atoll. It is also the start of a two-week tour of Britain by two Pacific women activists — Chailang, a Chamorro woman from Saipan, Northern Marianas, and Titewhai Harawira, a Maori woman from Aotearoa (her people's name for New Zealand).

The desert island paradise of Broadway's *South Pacific* and glossy holiday brochures is a long way from the daily reality for the Pacific people. More than any other region in the world, theirs has borne the brunt of the nuclear age: testing, uranium mining, power programmes, proposed waste dumping, missile development, bases for troops and communications, and now the deployment of Trident and cruise missiles.

It is often overlooked that sea-launched cruise missiles (35 on surface ships and 18 on submarines) and four Trident submarines are already prowling through the Pacific. Indeed, the strategic importance of the ocean to the superpowers is generally overlooked. As Admiral S.R. Foley Jr, Commander-in-Chief of the US Pacific Fleet, has said: 'Military contact between the Americans and the Soviets in the North Pacific reaches a degree of intimacy never quite realised by the rest of the world' (*Auckland Star*, September 1983).

America's first-strike capability is dependent on its network of bases, ports, airfields and communications facilities in the Pacific. It is the home of the Anti-Submarine Warfare (ASW) weapons system and major Command, Control, Communication and Intelligence (C^3I) operations for the global strategic plan. Hawaii is also the headquarters of the US military command (PACOM), covering about half of the world's surface. The US Rapid Development Force (RDF), nuclear-capable units destined to protect America's interests in Third World 'trouble spots', has bases in the Pacific at Okinawa and Hawaii and support facilities in Japan, the Philippines and Micronesia.

Children of Rongelap in the Marshall Islands play in radioactive fallout dust in 1954. The islanders were given no protection from the test

Owen Wilkes, formerly of the Stockholm International Peace Research Institute, has been researching the militarisation of the Pacific. 'Most American strategic weaponry, including the new first-strike weapons, undergo their testing here. If we could shut down the Pacific Missile Range we would cut off half the momentum of the global arms race,' he says.

Meanwhile, Soviet Backfire bombers are based on the east coast of the USSR and use Da Nang in Vietnam as a staging post. They also test fire long-range missiles into the Pacific, north of the Cook Islands.

THE FRENCH also have a long nuclear history in the region, currently underlined by the Kanak demands for independence in New Caledonia. Apart from its wealth in minerals, tourism and cheap labour, the French are keen to retain close ties with New Caledonia as an important link in their own nuclear *force de frappe*. New Caledonia is the major French base in the Pacific — a stepping stone essential to its ability to intervene in the region with its own rapid deployment force. The French only started testing in Mururoa after Algerian independence put a halt to their testing in the Sahara.

The exact nature of the damage done to Mururoa by French nuclear testing is still disputed. In 1981 the French Polynesian Territorial Assembly (the islands are still colonies) rebelled and called on Mitterrand to stop testing, pending a report by an international team of radiobiologists. When the team reported last year that the tests had not been 'harmful', it was immediately discredited by — among others — a team of French scientists. While the arguments continue, what is clear is that subsidence from the underground explosions has caused the atoll to sink by one and a half metres. Huge underwater cracks have developed: one is said to be 50cm wide and 800 metres long. It is suspected to be leaking radioactive waste into the sea.

Since 1946, over 250 atomic and hydrogen bombs have been detonated in the Pacific by the US, Britain and France. The consequences of testing have been crippling for the islanders, both in health and economic terms. The people of Bikini atoll in the Marshall Islands, for instance, were hastily removed before the test to Rongerik, a totally infertile island. After protests they were removed again to Kili — a slightly more fertile island, but without a lagoon or safe anchorage. Having lost their traditional means of livelihood, they remain dependent on the infrequent visits of US supply ships.

In 1954 a series of tests included 'Bravo', a 15-megaton hydrogen bomb blast which contaminated all the islands east of Bikini with radioactive fallout. Within hours a 'white ash'

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Marianas Trench

- Japan plans to dump 60 million gals. of radioactive waste per year from 1985.
- Will become the nuclear powers' 'solution' to the unsolved disposal problem.
- Radiation will build up in the food chain causing increased incidence of still births, handicapped children, thyroid cancer and leukaemia.

JAPAN and PHILIPPINES

- Nuclear reactors sited in areas of high volcanic activity.

Guam

- US colony and military base.
- Base for Trident.
- Impact of US military includes poverty, drug addiction and child prostitution.

Belau

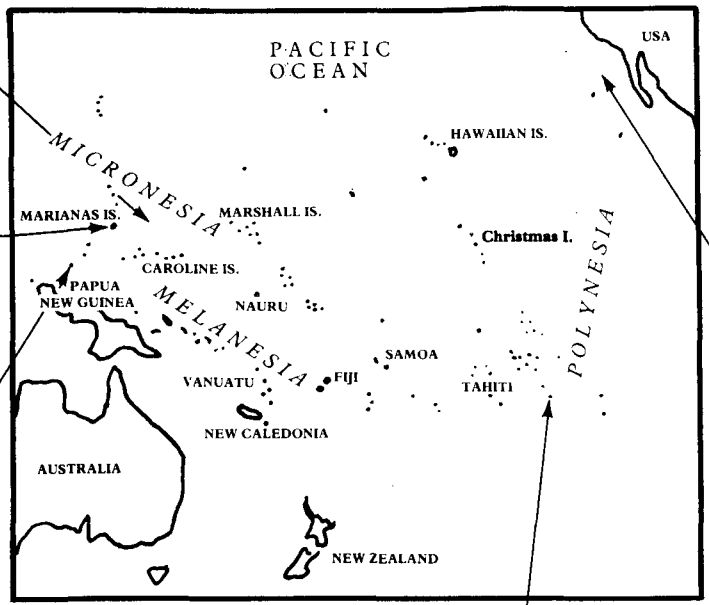
- US military plan to take over 1/3 of island in opposition to popular nuclear free constitution.
- Will be forward base for Trident.

AUSTRALIA

- Site of British nuclear tests (also on Christmas Island) through the 50s.
- Multinationals (eg. RTZ and now BP) with co-operation from the govt mine uranium on Aboriginal land — ignore their culture and deny them basic human rights.
- Newest mine, Roxby Downs, will be world's largest.
- Many vital subterranean water supplies are now radioactive.

MICRONESIA

- Most of Micronesia has been a UN 'Strategic' Trust Territory administered by the US since 1947.
- The Micronesians at first welcomed the UN 'peace-keeping' admin., but have since come to realise that Americans have turned them into nuclear guinea pigs and are destroying their culture and ecosystem, while preventing any real Micronesian independence.



Mururoa

- French still testing on Mururoa atoll (part of French Polynesia, still a French colony).
- 41 atmospheric tests, stopped in 1974, over 60 underground tests since.
- The coral base to the island is crumbling as a result.
- Around Tahiti, due to radioactivity, miscarriages are frequent, marine life dangerous to eat.
- French military restricting scientific investigations.

MARSHALL ISLANDS

- Islanders removed from their homelands.
- Site of 66 nuclear tests since '47 by US.
- 1 March 1954 1st H bomb tested on Bikini atoll — wind direction caused fall-out on nearby Rongelap.
- 6 islands completely 'evaporated'.
- 75% native food contaminated
- 90% of children who were under 12 in 1954 suffer from thyroid tumours.
- 8,000 displaced islanders on 66 acres of Ebeye Is. — called 'slum of the Pacific'. Lagoon so polluted that World Health Org. declared it 25,000 times above min. safety standard.

Californian coast

- Radioactive waste dumped between '46-69 found to have:
  - broken out of drums
  - radiated marine life to 5,000 times normal level
  - contaminated seabed to 2,000 times background plutonium levels.

HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

- 110 US military installations on the islands, 3,000 nuclear weapons.
- Over past 15 years nuclear subs in Pearl Harbour have discharged 5 million gals of radioactive waste.
- US State.
- RIMPAC military exercises bomb sacred island of Kaho'olawe.
- Will be Pacific base for Trident.

NEW ZEALAND

(AOTEAROA)

- Maori population calling for sovereignty and land rights.

began to fall and people began to feel the effect of severe radiation exposure. Darlene Keju-Johnson, a Marshallese health worker, told the sixth assembly of World Council of Churches in 1983 about the long-term consequences:

> I have interviewed many women from the affected islands who have had more than four miscarriages. The Marshallese describe these babies as 'Jellyfish'. The baby is born on the labour table and it breathes and moves up and down, but it is not shaped like a human being. It looks like a bag of jelly. These babies live for a few hours. Sometimes babies are born with growths like horns on their heads, while others have six fingers or toes.

A 1976 medical report showed that 69 per cent of Rongelap children under 10 years old and 35 per cent of the normal total population exposed in the Bravo tests in 1954 have since developed thyroid tumours.

DUMPING nuclear waste in the Pacific ended in February 1983, when the 50 or so nations party to the London Dumping Convention agreed to ban dumping radioactive waste at sea after strong representations by two Pacific island nations, Kiribati and Nauru, and in the face of bitter opposition from the nuclear nations. But the ban was only temporary and comes up for renewal this September.

A fight is expected, with Japan and the US keen to resume their plans to dump in the Marianas trench. The US spent over five years and $20 million researching their plan to dump high level waste and Japan was reported last year to have 520,000 drums of low level waste waiting for disposal. That volume is expected to increase by three times in the next 15 years as Japan increases its reliance on nuclear energy.

Last August a group of Pacific islanders and Japanese met officials of the Japanese Science and Technology Agency who admitted that they were prepared to break their 1980 assurance not to dump without the consent of the Pacific nations. A campaign to stop them has already been launched, spearheaded by the Marianas government, which is threatening to 'litigate in the courts of Japan, the USA, the International Courts of Justice of the UN, if necessary, against any nation that dumps waste in the Pacific Ocean'.

There is a growing awareness — despite lack of money for educational resources and great difficulties in communicating across the huge distances of the Pacific — of the problems created by the colonial powers. In 1982 Kwajalein landowners organised a 'sail in' occupation of their home islands, protesting at living conditions on the island of Ebeye, where they had been moved after the US decided to test inter-continental ballistic missiles on their island. Called 'Operation Home-coming', the four month occupation involved more than 1,000 people and forced the Pentagon to negotiate a new short-term lease agreement and provide funds for greater compensation and for improving conditions on Ebeye and other islands. However, since then, the Kwajalein people report that they are now being treated worse than ever by the US military.

The Pacific Conference of Churches, an ecumenical organisation representing the middle-of-the-road churches, also opposes all forms of testing, dumping and passage of nuclear submarines and ships, after a strongly-worded resolution in 1981. Their posters read: 'If it is safe, dump it in Tokyo, test it in Paris, store it in Washington, but keep my Pacific nuclear-free'.

On 1 May last year, Bikini islanders filed a suit in a federal court in Hawaii seeking to force the US to clean up their atoll and charging that the US had violated the UN trusteeship agreement and the islanders' constitutional rights. The cost of the tests was $91 *billion*. Bikini reckons the clean-up bill would be $60-180 *million*, peanuts in comparison. A US judge has 'refused to dismiss' the Bikini petition. However, a compact agreement with Bikini is awaiting approval by Congress this session which would absolve the US of any responsibility to clean up.

Barak Sope MP, Secretary-General of the Republic of Vanuatu (formerly the New Hebrides, until gaining independence in 1980), told the latest Nuclear-Free Pacific conference: 'It has always been my stern belief that nuclearism cannot be separated from colonialism especially in the Pacific . . . As long as Tahiti, New Caledonia, Wallis et Futuma, East Timor and West Papua are still colonised the Pacific cannot become a nuclear free and independent zone.' *Research by Jane Thomas*

The Pacific women's tour is organised by Greenham women Zohl de Ishtar and Bridget Roberts. They will be speaking in 10 cities around the UK. For information telephone 01-701 9069.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

UNLIBERATION THEOLOGY

The Pope's Latin American journey earlier this month launched a new Vatican offensive against liberation theology and 'political' priests, who engage in the fight against oppression. Opus Dei, the Catholic order that prospered under Franco's Spain, is the sworn enemy of such tendencies. Pope John Paul II has shown his personal support for its operations and powerful interests at Rome are now pressing for the early canonisation of its founder, the Marquis of Peralta. Nicholas Perry reports on 'la Santa Mafia'

'I HAVE TO PASS unnoticed and disappear so that Jesus alone may be in the limelight.' This self-effacing remark is attributed to Monsignor Josemaría Escrivá de Balaguer y Albás, Marquis of Peralta and founder of Opus Dei, which now rivals the Jesuits as the most powerful order in the Roman Catholic Church. Far from fading, the limelight so brilliantly exploited by this dynamic priest is intensified. Only 10 years after his death, his name is well on the way to sainthood.

The *marqués de Peralta* was born 82 years ago in the small town of Barbastro, Aragon, where his father kept a textile shop. He was baptised and registered as Jose María Escriba (with a 'b'). By 1915, *los* Escriba were calling themselves Escrivá, the name of an aristocratic family to which they had no relation. In 1940, with the backing of high ecclesiastical dignatories, the family petitioned for recognition as Escrivá Balaguer y Albás. Finally, the President-General of Opus Dei applied with his brother in 1968 for two dormant 18th century noble titles.

'Chuffed as a schoolboy with the title' — in the words of Father Vladimir Felzmann, a former executive of Opus in Britain — the Divine Marquis eventually decided to settle this 'proof' of noble birth on his brother, whose own bid for a barony had failed. Apart from the marquisate, the monsignor collected an imposing list of temporal honours including the Order of St Raymond of Peñaforte (founder of the Holy Inquisition in Aragon and chief architect of the policy to eradicate the influence of the Jews) — which he received from the gloved hands of *el Generalísimo* Franco during the silver jubilee of Opus Dei.

Ordained in 1925, Escrivá took a degree in law, lectured at a school of journalism and worked as a tutor in artistocratic households in Madrid, where he made his first important social contacts. According to official literature, Opus Dei was founded in 1928, by which time Padre Josemaría (he had decided to merge his Christian names) had gathered a few upper-class young bachelors to help him in his 'mission' in the slums. Critics, however, claim the Opus Dei only emerged in the Civil War.

Whatever the actual year of Opus Dei's foundation, it was formatively influenced by the Civil War and the bitter struggles between the Church-Monarchists and Freemasonry-Republicans, in which an estimated 6-7,000 priests, monks and nuns were murdered, with churches and convents throughout the country burnt to the ground. When the process of beatifying Escrivá began in 1981, Cardinal Poletti said: 'During the Spanish Civil War, regardless of the dangers threatening him, he never abandoned his busy programme of priestly activity'. In his concern to establish Escrivá's 'heroic virtue' required by canon law, the Cardinal chose to overlook the fact that in 1936 Father Escrivá narrowly avoided death by fleeing to a Madrid lunatic asylum, where he successfully posed as an inmate. His companion, brother of the Duke of Alba (apparently not so convincing as a madman), was shot by a Red patrol. Hagiographical accounts of the father's tribulations add that he subsequently took refuge in the Consulate of Honduras, where, sustained by kippers sent from the British Embassy, he regularly applied 'the discipline', painstakingly cleaning the blood off the floor afterwards.

Encouraged by an apparition of the Virgin, Escrivá reached France via Andorra and then hurried back to the Spanish zone under fascist control. Ensconced in a Burgos hotel, he began writing his now famous aphorisms, *Camino* (The Way), 'to help those who were still at the front, or in the navy, with their meditations.' He comforted the wounded: 'Blessed be pain. Loved be pain. Sanctified be pain. Glorified be pain!'

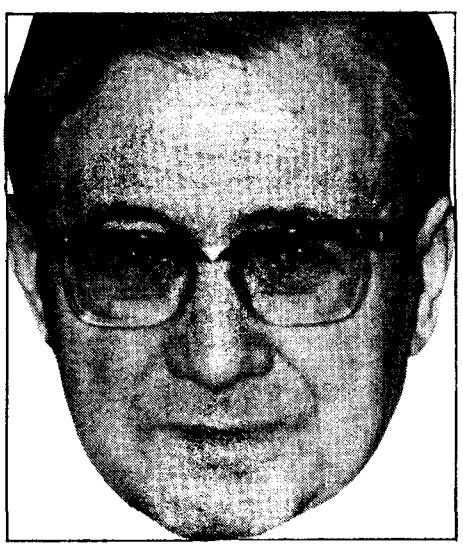
WITH FRANCO'S victory, Opus Dei set about gaining power, combining a technocratic approach to capitalism with a spirituality based on 'blind obedience', the rosary and flagellation. Masonic-inspired secrecy and the widest possible membership — celibates, priests, married men and women, those of other faiths or none — within a dictatorial framework have produced an efficiency unchallenged by political and religious rivals.

Supporters of Opus Dei held state office from 1939, but it wasn't until the 1950s that they began to elbow the corporatist fascists of the Falange out of the cabinet. By 1969 Opus Dei had taken over most of the ministries. The mastermind was López Rodó, Commissioner for the Plan of Development by which Spain was incorporated into the US economic sphere. López lived in an Opus residence with two other key celibate members, Jorge Brosa, director of Banco Español de Crédito, Spain's biggest bank, and Luis Valls Taberner, president of Banco Popular. One of the more prestigious universities in Franco's Spain was founded by Escrivá in Navarre. A Harvard-linked business faculty in Barcelona produces a steady stream of *Opus Deistas* for big business.

Following the assassination in 1973 of Admiral Carrero Blanco, who worked closely with Opus Dei and was arch-cooperator of the Work and virtual Head of State during *el Caudillo's* final stages of decreptitude, the institution lost a great deal of influence (and money) in Spain. Prime Minister González has assaulted it on two fronts: by dismantling the country's largest banking and business conglomerate, Rumasa — previously a vital source of capital through its owner Jose María Ruiz-Mateos (now on bail in Germany awaiting extradition on fraud charges) — and by instituting reform of private Catholic schools partly maintained by public funds.

By then, however, Opus Dei was long since well established elsewhere. During the war, in 1940, it moved into Portugal and by 1946 its headquarters were set up in a sumptuous Roman mansion acquired by the Duchess Virginia Sforza Caesarini. With a foothold in France by 1948, the Opus worked at first through *Pétainiste* circles before becoming a business partner of banker Edmond Giscard, father of the future president.

After Spain and Italy, the association is most influential in Latin America, with 8,000 members in Mexico alone. The *éminence grise* in Chile of General Pinochet's 'new constitutionalism', Jaime Guzmán, is one of more than 500 well-placed members in that country. Opus provides local elites throughout the continent with exclusive schools and a university in Peru.



The Universe

Marquis Escrivá: saintly totalitarian?

The United States provides a large slice of the Work's funds. Opus was tapping the faithful of Chicago, the world's richest diocese, by 1950. Prominent members in the US include Thomas Murphy, chairman of General Motors until 1981, and New York's Cardinal Cooke, a vigorous opponent of the US bishops' support for a nuclear freeze. Warrane College, a men's hall of residence at the University of New South Wales, Sydney, was opened in 1971, but the New Zealand hierarchy has so far resisted any expansion. In the Irish Republic, Opus Dei constitutes a Catholic freemasonry in such fields as medicine and banking and has been accused of using threats to silence critics.

In Britain Opus Dei had a *pied-à-terre* in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bayswater by 1947. Netherhall Educational Association was set up in the form of a charity in 1952 to fund the main British residence. The Queen Mother opened the new wing of Netherhall House, Hampstead, in 1966. Chairman of the Netherhall trust is 'agnostic' Bernard Audley, chairman of AGB, the market research group. Mr Audley declines to discuss his enthusiasm for a religious organisation whose religion he does not share.

Priests and 'numeraries' (fulltime members) provide 'spiritual formation' to a number of other centres in Britain, all of which are hived off financially, demonstrating the claim that Opus Dei owns nothing corporatively. One of these projects is Grandpont House, Oxford, an elegant, riverside siege-tower whose aggressive proselytising has angered successive Catholic chaplains to the university. There is also Greygarth Hall at Manchester University; Wickenden Manor in Sussex, a 'conference centre' or retreat; and several boys' and girls' clubs. After complaints by parents and ex-members of Opus Dei that the organisation is totalitarian, sectarian and ruled by fear, censorship and indoctrination, Cardinal Hume ruled in 1981 that no Catholic in his archdiocese under 18 may join 'God's Work'.

Apart from officials, the membership figure for Opus Dei in Britain is secret. Even the number of adherents — 'between 200 and 1,000' out of a world total of 72,000 — is not officially disclosed. Yet several prominent people are known to help with fund-raising. Shareholders of Trusthouse Forte, the giant hotel and catering public company, might be surprised to discover that Lord Forte gave £50,000 to Netherhall House on their behalf last August — £9,000 more even than his gift to the Tories last year.

Opus Dei's relations with the Holy See have not always been completely smooth. The distant, aristocratic and reactionary Pius XII was the type of pontiff Escrivá sincerely wanted to serve. But our candidate for sainthood detested John XXIII, who in 1962 rejected his request for a quasi-autonomous 'personal prelature'. Escrivá also had scant regard for Paul VI, who also side-stepped the request.

Today's Papa Wojtyla is what the Opus Dei has really been waiting for. For Pope John Paul, who has been seen kneeling at the green marble slab that covers the mortal remains of Mgr Escrivá, the Work is 'truly a great ideal'. He granted the status of 'personal prelature', has ordained scores of Opus priests, entrusted parishes to its care, placed supporters in key Curial positions and is now oiling the wheels of what promises to be the canonization of the century. Opus Dei's financial contributions to Polish Solidarity must have encouraged these favourable arrangements.

Two decisive miracles — an essential qualification for canonisation — are now being 'processed' by the tribunal examining the cause of Mgr Escrivá: a Spanish Carmelite nun and a Peruvian girl have testified that his intercessions have cured them of terminal cancer. The Carmelites have special links with Opus Dei: in Britain, for instance, they enjoy the status of *cooperatori*. Meanwhile, the Very Reverend Marquis will have 'Blessed' added to his title quite soon. 'St Josemaría of Burgos and Peralta' will follow in due course. 'It's in the bag!', an official discreetly put it to me. □

ISRAEL

DAILY DOSE OF INFLATION

Elfi Pallis asks: who is paying for the economic crisis?

'IF YOU WANT IT, then it is no miracle' was the maxim of Israel's founders, and it seems to have been adopted by the present National Unity government when dealing with the country's ailing economy. In the face of problems such as a staggering external debt of $23.8 billion and currency reserves falling by over $200 million per month, the Labour-Likud coalition has yet to adopt a long-term economic strategy. However, the results of its short-term measures must puzzle some Western monetarists: although inflation has risen by 454 per cent since January 1984, unemployment in Israel still stands at only 6 per cent, compared to 12 per cent in Britain.

Employment and much else has so far been maintained by borrowing. Israel is by far the largest recipient of US aid. Under the 1985 fiscal programme, Israel for the first time obtained its $1.2 billion of US aid in the form of a grant rather than a loan. But much of this will now have to go on paying back the US treasury for previous loans. The Israeli public takes its cue from the government. Professor Haim Elata, the rector of the Negev university which is running several million dollars above budget, believes that this is a general trend. 'People tell me "don't worry about debts, this is how Israel was built up",' he says.

Attempts to promote more puritanical economic thinking have proved unsuccessful so far. A 'package deal' concluded by the government last November, which provided for a three months wage and price freeze, lowered the cost-of-living index from over 20 per cent monthly to around 5 per cent in December and January, but petered out after seven weeks. Israeli manufacturers generally import their raw materials, and when faced with the prospect of selling their goods below cost price, they withdrew their co-operation. New price rises were swiftly followed by further wage demands from the Histadrut, Israel's Labour Party dominated trade union federation. A fall in living standards, warned union leaders, might cause mass emigration.

In order to avert large-scale unemployment, a second 'package deal' was concluded at the beginning of February, in which the Histadrut accepted cuts in subsidies and in its members' cost-of-living increment, which were expected to bring down real wages by 7.5 per cent, in exchange for a government promise to keep prices from rising above 5 per cent. Experts doubt that either side will be able to deliver its side of the bargain for the designated three months period, because a 'price explosion' in the week between the two deals has already pushed the inflation rate for February towards 15 per cent. The deal may, nevertheless, have other spin-offs. The Israeli government clearly hopes that it can be presented as the 'effective stabilisation programme' demanded by George Shultz, before the US will consider Israeli requests for a substantial aid increase.

MEANWHILE, Israelis are coping with their unstable economy by various means. Employees of larger companies frequently pool their wages on pay-day to buy dollars, which they sell off as the month passes. Smaller wage earners rush to the shops as soon as they have been paid to stock up on consumer goods that are likely to go up again. Professionals such as dentists prefer crates of whisky to cash payments.

There is real hardship among the oriental Jewish inhabitants of Israel's development towns, whose textile industries have been badly hit by the recession, but subsidies still keep essential foodstuffs within everybody's reach.

However, many of those working in Israel are not Israelis and this population, which does not show up on the national statistics, is facing serious problems. Nearly 100,000 Palestinians from the West Bank and Gaza Strip work as building labourers, cleaners and share croppers within Israel's pre-1967 borders. As their own unions are not recognised and they cannot become full members of the Histadrut, their earnings depend on the goodwill of Israeli employers, who can choose from a plentiful labour pool.

Until recently, this division of labour has been taken for granted by Israelis. According to social workers, even newly arrived Ethiopian Jews have rejected as insulting any job offers that would involve working alongside Palestinians. The Minister of Employment, Moshe Katzav, has repeatedly voiced concern at the number of Arab workers in the Israeli economy and especially in construction, where they constitute half of the workforce. 'It is absurd that Jews are unwilling to do these jobs', says Katzav. 'I hope that in the present economic crisis we shall be able to change the attitudes of Jewish workers'.

THERE ARE signs that such a change, prompted by the threat of rising unemployment, will not be entirely peaceful. Last December, the Histadrut's construction workers' union held a noisy demonstration outside the Prime Minister's office to protest against the use of unorganised Arab workers. Since then, there have been violent clashes in several Israeli towns between laid-off Israeli workers and the West Bank Palestinians who had been kept on payroll.

Mindful of the ruling coalition's unstable nature, some Likud Ministers have taken to absenting themselves during crucial Knesset votes in an attempt to disclaim responsibility for any calamitous economic consequences. Ariel Sharon, Minister of Industry and Trade, is riding high from his 'moral victory' in his libel case against *Time* magazine in New York. He has been telling audiences all over Israel that slashing taxes will be the solution to Israel's financial problems.

Whether the government's Labour-inspired economic policies enjoy the support of the Israeli public will be tested on 13 May, when the Histadrut holds its elections. At present Likud, which holds 26 seats to Labour's 62, is thought to have a good chance of gaining control of the trade union federation. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

Sex and socialism

Jayne Egerton, London SE4

Jeff Weeks's article on the relationship between sexual politics and socialism (*NS* 8 February) presumed a remarkable degree of 'inside' knowledge on his part of disagreements among feminists. Speaking as a woman who has been active in anti-male violence and pornography campaigns in this country, I cannot say that I have noticed that the issues raised have split women neatly along radical and socialist feminist lines. Contrary to Weeks's claims, these campaigns have involved women with differing political perspectives, and it is worth pointing out that the supposedly discrete tendencies which he refers to include a multitude of positions within them as well as points of overlap.

Weeks seemed determined to portray radical feminists as right-wing simpletons throughout his article. His misrepresentation of Andrea Dworkin's politics is outrageous. If Ken Livingstone cited some of her writings in order to explain why his own position on feminism shifted it is because they contributed to his recognition that the longevity and universality of women's oppression is such that there is no easy or automatic relationship between socialism and women's liberation. Dworkin is certainly anti-capitalist, but the lessons of history have made her sceptical about the promise of socialism. Quite honestly, her apprehension is shared by so many feminists that I wonder that Weeks has the cheek to represent it as an outlandish and anti-socialist position.

It is true that Dworkin has recently been involved in examining the ways in which civil rights legislation could be used to outlaw snuff movies in particular, but this is a far cry from saying that right-wing religious fundamentalists would willingly ally themselves with a Jewish lesbian feminist! Dworkin and others have always been careful to distance themselves from the Right, while pointing out that the Right's appeal to some women is based precisely on its **manipulation of women's legitimate fears of violence. This is an observation that has also been** made by English *socialist feminist* Beatrix Campbell. Rather than evacuate debates on paedophilia, pornography and rape simply because the Right is also concerned with them, what we should surely be doing is changing the dominant terms in which the debates are set. Weeks would appear to think that any opposition to porn and male violence inevitably provides ammunition for the Right. Such logic would preclude socialist critiques of the Soviet Union.

Having roundly trashed Dworkin, Weeks goes on to quote approvingly the S&M advocate, Pat Califia. I am uncertain why a politics which would seem to condone acting on our every sexual **impulse, in the name of freedom of the individual, is deemed to be an acceptable socialist position.** Perhaps because, for gay men like Weeks, the term 'radical' is little more than shorthand for whatever they like doing best. Califia could easily be seen as anti-socialist given that she is one of a tiny number of women on the editorial board of a gay male **magazine in the States called *The Advocate* that, far from advocating socialism, promotes a no-**holds barred consumerism (where to buy your real estate and amyl nitrate) which totally vindicates the 'American Way'.

En route to the politically dubious conclusion that socialists must embrace sexual diversity and choice (every choice, really?) Weeks manages to misrepresent differing feminists' attitudes in a mischievous and divisive way. Those women who wish to examine the power relations between women and men which underlie notions of 'choice', 'consent' and 'pleasure' in the sexual **arena are given short shrift, dismissed as po-faced party poopers. But without a recognition of these** unequal relations informing the quest for sexual democracy, men like Weeks are in danger of lapsing into a '60s libertarianism which can only undermine women's struggles for sexual self-definition.

History lesson

Dora Russell, Porthcurno, Cornwall

E. F. Schumacher, author of the book *Small is Beautiful*, pioneer of ecologists, worked for the Coal Board. He seems to have been familiar with its ways. He wrote: 'Call a thing immoral or ugly. . . a peril to the peace of the world or to the well being of future generations: as long as you have not shown it to be "uneconomic" you have not really questioned its right to exist, grow and prosper.'

Do we forget that Beeching was appointed, despite opposition, to destroy our uneconomic railways?

Questions of insolvency

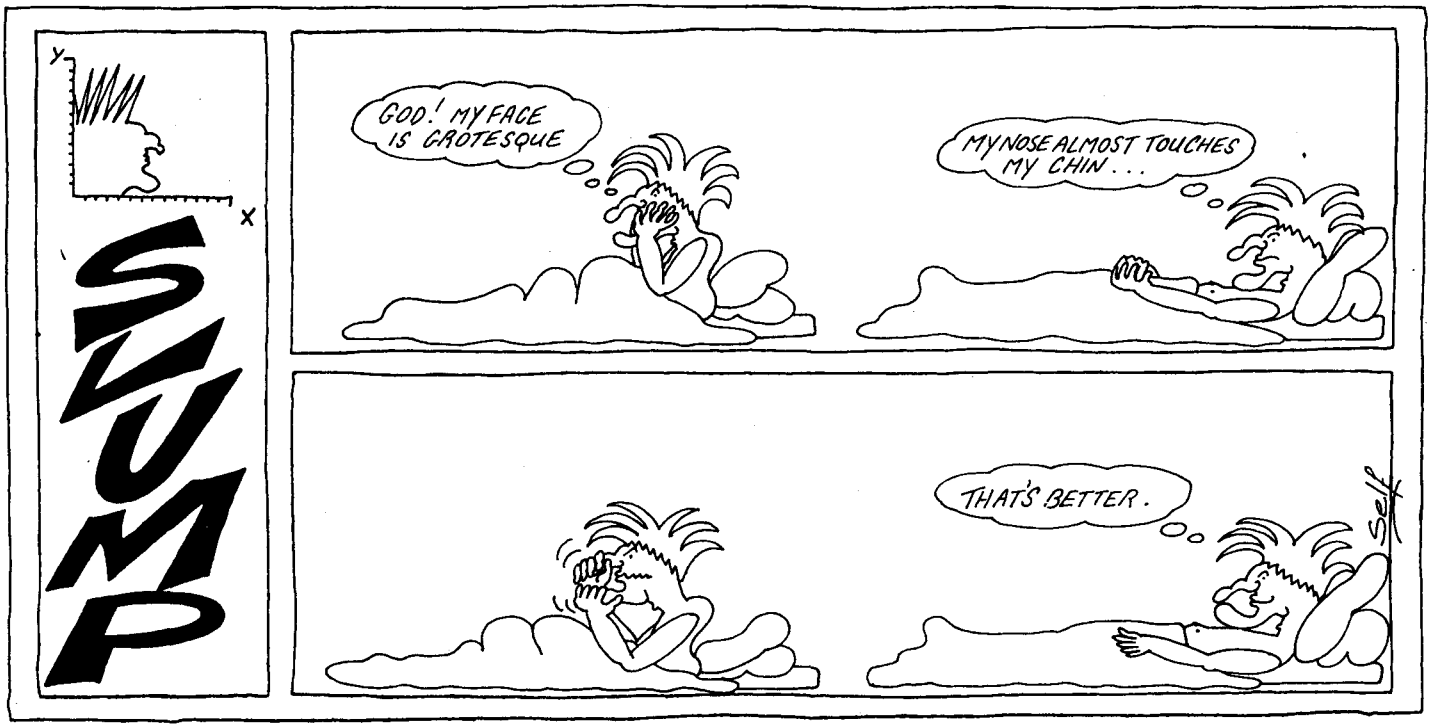
Lord Bruce of Donington, House of Lords

Your Miscellany column (8 February) takes me to task for having opposed, and for persuading my Labour colleagues to oppose, a clause in the Insolvency Bill which provides for the automatic disqualification of any director of a company going into compulsory liquidation from holding the office of director in any other company.

I object, in principle, to the concept that anyone — even a director — should have to prove him/herself innocent against a presumption of guilt. I believe, on the contrary, that anyone should be entitled to have his/her guilt established by those accusing him before the Courts.

Moreover I have always understood this principle to be a socialist tenet — one that has, at any rate in the past, received full support in the *NS*. It is one which, if breached, may be used over a far wider field than the very limited area covered by the provisions of the Bill.

Nor was the inclusion of this provision in the Bill, as you infer, recommended by the Cork Report. The fact of the matter is that there is no automatic link between compulsory liquidation and delinquent directors. Compulsory liquidation can arise from a number of causes (for example an application by a creditor seeking to recover VAT) and indeed it is likely that many of the companies whose directors should be disqualified would never fall within this class of liquidation. Not only would real culprits escape by causing their companies to go into creditors vountary liquidation, but the government's proposals would have allowed unscrupulous creditors to apply undue pressure by



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

threatening a petition for compulsory winding up.

I greatly regret that these matters, which are of some public interest, should have been presented by you in the form of a direct political attack on myself. Evidently the opposition to the government's proposals by Lord Seebohm, Lord Benson and Lord Chorley (why omit Lord Mottistone — closely associated with the CBI?) is to be taken, on the 'guilt by association' principle as indicating an abandonment by me of my own political standards. It would be open to me, but just as irrelevant to the merits of the whole question, to point out that you have chosen to associate yourself, in attacking me, with the authors of the proposal, the most reactionary Tory government for over half a century.

Poetry's politics

Angus Calder, Convener, Scottish Poetry Library, Edinburgh

It flabbergasts me that Craig Raine (Letters 22 February) seems to imagine that he is *defending* Blake Morrison against your lucid and committed reviewer John Lucas.

A friend recently gave me Morrison's book, **saying he'd bought it thinking he should catch up with new poetry, but could make nothing of this** sample. I thanked him sincerely and told him that I'd been looking forward to reading it. But Raine's revelation that 'The Inquisitor' is really about literary, not international, politics, greatly lessens my curiosity. Raine's distinguished precursor at Faber, T.S. Eliot, was not famous for making life easy for readers. But he would have had better taste and sense of proportion than to use Lech Walesa as a 'metaphor' for an obscure but rising poet or to assume that anyone would find 'wit' in a veiled allusion to the anonymous reviewing of Finnish literature for the *TLS* which seems (but I hope that Raine misrepresents his friend) to assume that Finland is just a joke country.

The 'literary politics' of an ex-metropolis are surely of much less interest than the real politics of Northern Ireland which Tom Paulin has had the courage to tackle in verse. Nor is it clear yet in Scotland that Raine has earned the right to administer patronising tick-offs to one of England's best critics. Yuck!

Appeal for information

Cathie Lloyd, Researcher, Cities of London & Westminster Public Order Research Group

The Public Order Research Group has been monitoring the policing of demonstrations and pickets in Central London. We are compiling an account of the way activities in relation to the Miners Dispute have been policed. We would be most grateful if people who saw police activity in Whitehall at the end of the Demonstration for the Miners on 24 February could send us accounts of what they witnessed. Unless people state that their reports are for general publication we will treat any material sent to us with confidentiality. Please write to: The Public Order Research Group, 9 Poland Street, London W1V 3DG, or leave a message on our ansaphone tape on 01-734 5831.

For the record

Patrick A. Green, London NW6

I am writing in response to Sylvia Collier's article 'Unhealthy exposure' (*NS* 22 February) which refers to the report I have written on 'The Controversy over Low Dose Exposure to Ionising Radiation'. This article claimed that my report had been commissioned by Greenpeace for submission to the Australian Royal Commission investigating the British A-Bomb tests of the 1950s. This is incorrect. My report was not commissioned by Greenpeace and was prepared completely independently of them as an Msc degree thesis last year. Following the completion of the report I approached Greenpeace as I believed that the information I had gathered on the ICRP and the affiliations of its members had important bearings on the process through which radiation safety standards are set and thus should be made available to a wider audience. Greenpeace subsequently asked for permission to submit my thesis to the Commission, a request to which I agreed.

FEEDBACK

Sowing a bitter harvest

THE SPLITTING of the Home Office into a Ministry of the Interior and a Ministry of Justice (Leading article, *NS* 22 February) obviously has its long-term attraction to the immigrant community and to citizens in general. But even allowing for a possible acceptance of the idea in principle by the major political parties, of which there is yet no discernible sign, such a change in administration must be years away given the reality of political life. And unless there is a little change of heart, let alone understanding, improved machinery may well be of no great value.

Some people blame David Waddington personally for the rigidity he displays on immigration matters. Why? He is only describing and translating cabinet policy. If he sounds more at home than, say, his predecessor Timothy Raison, it is scarcely an additional strain for people at the receiving end. On the contrary, the **immigrant community know more clearly where they are with the present government's attitude** and policy.

The concept of 'pressure-to-emigrate countries' is rather interesting. It brings to mind a harrowing picture of the destitute denizens from the Indian sub-continent (though the Minister's helpful analysis does not quite name these countries) trying to get into the already over-populated economic Noah's Ark in their millions, thereby foolishly threatening everyone's safety.

But what the troubled British are not told, or not reminded repeatedly of, is that the sole 'problem' now is one of *secondary* immigration — the joining of dependants with the breadwinner already here. Primary — head of family — immigration virtually ceased around 1973. Dependants will of course keep on coming.

It ought to be said very clearly once again that the coloured citizens of Britain in no way condone a deliberate evasion of existing immigration law. In no way is it to anyone's advantage. But the trouble is that such a notion cannot be far away from the minds of a substantial number of officers who staff **immigration control: a presupposition that most applicants may well** be **lying and cheating. Indeed, a third of wives and children are refused entry precisely because of this preconception,** which also invades other categories of entry clearance. And to support any such presumption of 'guilt' a certain amount of liberty can easily be taken with procedures or norms of natural justice.

For instance, when for two years till last summer I was involved in the various appeal procedures to make it possible for my widowed septuagenarian mother to visit us and her grandchildren for the fifth time in 20 years (*NS* 25 May 1984) — the last four visits were all with full settlement rights here — I was staggered to witness the immigration control services' ability to fashion procedures to their advantage.

For one thing, no Commonwealth citizen visiting his/her relatives needs a visa. A return ticket, perhaps a letter to the immigration officer at the port of entry from the host who is sponsoring the visit is all that is needed. But my mother was not told about any of this at the British Deputy High Commissioner's Office in Calcutta, advice the Foreign and Commonwealth Office in London gave freely. And thereby started the expensive and rather heart-rending exercise to stop her visit simply because the Entry Clearance Officer decided that she 'intends (not) to stay only for this limited period'. And when I formally appealed against the decision of the High Commission, who disposed of the appeal? None other than the same ECO himself — which, of course, is against the normal **procedure in any appeal hearing in this country. Maybe if the appeal had been held by another** person at the same office, my mother's suffering (and ours) might not have been so prolonged. And that could have saved a lot of cost to the Exchequer also.

My mother has now come and gone: rather dazed and quiet as long as she was here, though she was fully vindicated at the final appeals. Being a lifelong Anglophile, the strain on her goodwill must have been considerable. And if one multiplies this kind of sadness experienced by many thousands, the pressures on healthy race relations have to be incalculable. Maybe someone, somewhere in the government will call this a little 'inconvenience', a code word doubtless to conceal inhumane attitudes.

It is no use blaming one person or persons, David Waddington, some Entry Clearance Officers, a couple of Home Office adjudicators for dehumanising relations between the immigrant community and society at large. It is the 'system' or some of the ruling class who, having been a willing party to an open-door immigration to suit its economic convenience a generation ago, now wants to wish away the aftermath by bringing in so-called strict control immigration, which has no real relevance to the colour content of the country.

For decades the coloured minority has been subjected to their patronising cant about the measures to improve race relations. But the activities of some of the government agencies on the ground seem to be achieving just the opposite, and, what is worse, the weasel words are, precisely for that reason, transparently seen to be hypocritical.

What politicians who leap on the bandwagon of public prejudice do not realise is that their behaviour could be turning a large number of tax-paying, law-abiding, wealth-creating, new British citizens into political nihilists, whose sorrow may one day erupt in unpredictable ways.

Dr Sanjoy Roy-Chowdhury

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Chris Schwarz

AT THE END OF THE QUEUE

In the week of Cardinal Glemp's visit to Britain, DZIDKA TENDYRA looks at the people whom the Church both defends and binds in a repressive morality: the women of Poland

OVER THE PAST four years, the familiar names of Poland's most famous sons, Walesa, Paul, Archbishop Glemp, more recently and tragically, that of the murdered Father Popieluszko, have become part of western vocabulary. Not since the Second World War have so many East Europeans been major 'personalities' this side of the Iron Curtain.

Yet what of Poland's daughters, the mothers, wives and girlfriends who brought food to the striking workers in the heady days of August 1980; who were indeed striking workers themselves; who marched for bread to feed their children in July 1981; whose queues formed the backbone supporting the politically active male movement? Their plight since Martial Law has been obscured by the all consuming national problem, by the battle between government and Solidarity, over political and economic rights. But if any social group has suffered from economic ineptitude and political non-representation, it is certainly the women.

On paper, Polish women have few causes for complaint: equal rights with men in all spheres, as codified in the much-lauded Constitution of 1952. The reality of endless queues, squalid maternity wards, lack of representation at higher levels of the political, industrial and social machine, disparity in wages and subjugation to the patriarchal embrace of party and Church, tells a different story. Women are trapped between the conflicting demands of both institutions, the one defining women's role as model citizen and profitable, if expendable, worker; the other imposing a moral and social straitjacket which ties her firmly to the family hearth. The problem of assimilating this multitude of directives places women in contradictory and over-burdened roles.

After queueing for hours, women often reach the head only to find the shelves are empty

The State, for all its egalitarian rhetoric, has consistently viewed women through the prism of economic expediency. Six-Year Plans and war-time devastation meant coaxing women onto the tractors and into the factories to replace the depleted male population, all in the name of ideological rectitude. But in periods of low investment and falling birthrate, ideology has proved remarkable flexible. Despite women's financial need to work, the number of crèches and child-care facilities are reduced and the official media blame working women for increasing hooliganism and divorce. The backlash of Polish traditionalism, of which the Church is chief advocate, foists on women the moral responsibility for family 'health and happiness' while itself retaining ultimate ideological control over female sexuality, and hence, the family's development. The views of Church and State thus periodically converge when economic necessities favour women staying at home producing children.

The Solidarity period instigated a political revolution which could also, given

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

time, have produced a social one. Solidarity has not itself been a champion of women's liberation; the trade union leadership was a male domain and while its social legislation like extended maternity leave ameliorated women's burden, it also entrenched traditional values about the family. Yet the creation of a liberalised, more open society could have allowed women to emerge and speak for themselves.

Since the imposition of Martial Law, the situation has changed radically. The almost exclusive dependence of the opposition on the good offices of the Church as the only voice of dissent tolerated by the authorities (a tenuous relationship, as manifested by the recent murder of Father Popieluszko) has proved regressive for women. Contraception, abortion and divorce are widely condemned, and church posters, depicting foetuses set against nuclear mushroom clouds, tell the faithful that the greatest crime against humanity is the removal of the unborn from a mother's womb. Nonetheless, to dismiss the Church as a purely reactionary institution misrepresents the role it plays in voicing, even symbolising, the national and political aspirations of a population condemned, at least officially, to silence.

Here, we examine the life-style of two actual but very different Polish women. Of all the organisations with a political voice — Church, Party, State — none seems likely to question the patriarchal order which ensures women's constitutional equality is not practised.

MAJA — THE WORKER

Every morning, barring Sundays and selected Saturdays, the lights in the Warsaw home of the Kowalczyk family beat the sunrise as another day in the Polish People's Republic begins. Maja, a shiftworker at the Rosa Luxemburg light-bulb factory, prepares breakfast for her sleeping husband and children before rushing out to join the preliminary round of queues which will intersperse her day.

It's cold and miserable at this hour, and the prospect of clocking on shortly fills her with little joy. The queue stretches round the block as usual — women of all ages, bundled up in their peasant scarves, handed-down coats and cheap platform shoes, snapped up on those rare occasion when footwear appears in the shops. No one starves these days, but then, no one makes ends meet either, and life for the women is a permanent battle against the cost of living and *kolejki* (queues). The effects are telling.

By 7am, the morning shift at the factory is under way, several hours of monotony dividing one's next contact with the queues. Maja's lucky to have her mother sharing their apartment. It may make living space even more cramped but it saves her youngest from understaffed crèches, notorious for spreading infant infections, and guarantees a favourable place in the all-important meat-queue. What she resents most of all is the double shift, which demands both devoted domesticity plus a hefty day's work outside the home. Come 3pm, and the new shift begins. The factory is replaced by the family, the overall by the apron.

Her husband, Bronek, a steelworker, isn't an advocate of *partnerstwo rodzinne* (family partnership) and traditional values dominate in their block. She meets the other women in the queues, he drinks with the husbands in the local flea-pit bar, and the only queue he knows intimately is for vodka. His work is hard and physically demanding, and her own dependence on his pay-packet, given the piteous size of her wages — 40 per cent lower than men's — leaves little choice but to comply.

Somehow, women cope because they have to, but the cost in time and effort is high. When the meat-ration of 1.8 kilos per person per month fills few stomachs, or vegetables cost the earth on some 'grey'-market stall, it is inevitably her mother and herself who substitute with potatoes, pasta and bread.

In her youth Maja vowed she would never allow her body to spread and decline like those of the huge women who heave their way onto the packed buses and trams. But food shortages and financial hardship have taken their toll. New clothes are a rarity, given that children's wardrobes take priority when clothes are available.

EARLY EVENING entails a final foray at the shops, when meat and fish stalls stand gapingly empty, and the tone of the queues becomes increasingly bad-tempered. It's the eternal standing in line that wears people down most effectively . . . the bickering, the rudeness of the shopgirls, the frustration of an hour's wait to be told, *nie ma . . . nie ma* (not available). Her memories of pregnancy are dominated by scenes in which she legitimately jumped the queue, to a barrage of abuse from the other women. Being forced to wait and wait and wait is the fate of the poor and powerless the world over. But for Polish women, it dominates their lives and in the end everyone becomes hardened and equally aggressive.

At home, the washing and ironing waits for her return. Her mother's ancient washing-machine, a noisy affair which tangles delicate clothes, saves her the heavy-duty laundry, but the rest of the washing does not spare her hands. A new machine, and for that matter, new fridge, bath-tub, sink, iron . . . an endless list of necessities, are available only to newly-weds and *partyjni* —the privileged party members. Otherwise it's a choice between joining an endless waiting-list or paying unthinkable black-market prices.

Naturally, the arrival of children makes all the difference. Single people or childless couples curse the *kryzys* (the all-consuming crisis), but they can afford to ignore queues and go without if no one wants to stand. A child transforms choice into necessity. Apart from the eternal food problem, imagine the tribulations of buying anything from nappies to disinfectant in a country where toilet paper and sanitary towels are luxuries.

With the new-born child the tiny flat contracts still further (though who can complain after so many years of frustration on housing-lists?) Maja's greatest fear is another pregnancy; after three children, she's well acquainted with the horrors of birth in hospital corridors or understaffed insanitary maternity wards. Nor can the family budget take any further strain. Yet the dictates of her Catholic conscience refuse to allow artificial contraception (which she knows little about anyway) and were she to entertain such ideas, her husband wouldn't allow her to practise them. She can only pray their church-approved method doesn't fail them, and discourages his advances when it might. She is not always successful.

It's late when the last light disappears in the Kowalczyk household. Too weary to distract herself with romantic love or cabbage recipes in the woman's weekly she buys, Maja still bends a dutiful knee for the final discourse with her maker. She's meant to thank the Lord for the day well spent, but she's already half-asleep, dreaming of the one to be faced tomorrow.

RENIA — THE STUDENT

Five years ago, when Renia first arrived in Warsaw to start her studies, female emancipation meant finding a nice husband to free her from the protective parental bosom and cramped family home. It was common knowledge that a girl's education really took off at college. This was little to do with grades and associated academic trivia. Having nil prospects in the housing stakes in her single, childless state, she convinced herself that the sooner she tied the marital knot, the faster she'd break the oppressive family bond. Moreover, her social status as a married woman would increase dramatically. Perhaps she never rationalised it to such a cold degree, perhaps the romantic tales of her youth made the economic realities more palatable, but this did not change the essential calculation.

Five years later, Renia is one of a handful of women constituting what is 'the feminist movement' in Poland. The U-turn occurred when she outgrew her own limited aspirations, a growth

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

accelerated by the events of 1980/81. Like all radical political upsurges, it promised new freedoms, new roles for all members of society, including women. Renia's initial conversion occurred less dramatically. At first she'd pinned her hopes on the mythical husband, but the young men she knew cared less for marriage, more for sex.

Sex also brought with it the moral and practical dilemmas of effective contraception. Her formal education on contraception consisted of chastisement and a string of negatives from religious sources, and an embarrassed biological account at school (while the boys were lectured about jobs and careers, the girls were given terse information on making babies). What she learnt outside the classroom didn't fill her with great confidence: Polish contraceptives were unreliable and 'uninspiring', while western ones could be bought only for precious hard currency in the special 'Pewex' shops without prescription or supervision. There were few young people of her acquaintance who could afford to pay dollars for Durex.

Beyond question, the Church's stranglehold over sexual morality, reinforced by the State's puritanical evasion of the issue, bore sour fruit in the unwanted pregnancies, shot-gun weddings, abortions and divorces whose frequency is alarming in a country in which 90 per cent of the population are formally Catholics. Official figures put the abortion rate at about 16 per cent of all pregnancies. Unofficially, it is estimated to be nearer half. Divorce is less frequent than in the West — 45,800 divorces to 305,900 marriages in 1983 compared with Britain's 160,000: 385,000.

Initial envy of pregnant friends gave way to pity when lack of accommodation meant life in a cramped flat with the in-laws; when mother despaired because there was no food for baby. Pregnancy spelt marriage by necessity, for single mothers face a permanent battle against bureaucracy, social prejudice and, often, sheer poverty. Abortion denoted moral and social ruin, not to mention the ruinous costs (reportedly, only a small number of abortions take place in State hospitals).

The fruition of Renia's personal conversion came with the emergence of Solidarity in 1980, when the floodgates opened for society's accumulated frustrations to emerge. Punks became commonplace; theatres went to town on political satire; prisoners' rights groups were formed, and Renia became a feminist. She found, to her surprise, that her own anger and dissatisfaction were by no means isolated, and the new climate of unfettered expression allowed women to discover this, and each other's existence. Many of the women met during the student strikes, when protracted sit-ins served as a forum for fervent debate. The outcome was the formation of the first feminist group in Warsaw in autumn 1980.

It was a period of unfettered aspiration, in retrospect, of naive conviction that the initial victory had secured the war. With western journalists queuing for interviews, and correspondence arriving from women all over the continent, this is understandable. Yet it was also a period of intense frustration, of hitting few and fragile heads against an immovable wall of traditionalism. Imagine trying to instruct harassed workers about contraception when their chief concern is to put food on the family table; who regard the Pope's word as sacrosanct, and the control of conception morally unacceptable.

With the Church at the forefront of the political struggle, criticism of its moral pronouncements and patriarchal structure exposed the women to the kind of emotional backlash normally reserved for the *czerwoni* (the Reds or Party loyalists). One woman recalled being virtually driven out of a sociology seminar for daring to criticise the revered Cardinal Wyszynski, Primate of Poland until his death in May 1981. Worst of all, lack of sympathy from their contemporaries often manifested itself as ridicule and abuse, and alienated the women from those who could have given most support. Inevitably, the Independent Students' Union was run almost exclusively by men.

AT A TIME of great political upheaval, there is an extraordinary accleration in political thoughts, actions, ideals, opening up possibilities that were not imagined before. But there is not necessarily a concurrent social upheaval. While the vast majority of Poles greeted events of August 1980 with jubilation, the rapid change was also unsettling. In this social insecurity, many clung to deeply entrenched traditional values, sheltering within the Church's time-honoured, protective embrace. Not only did the Church seem to cloak the frightening change with its traditional values, but after 40 years of Soviet-style 'socialism', the model of their ancestors seemed infinitely more attractive — at least in the social sphere. Women had first taken employment on a mass scale under the communists; hence, a rejection of that system was symbolised by the mother at the family hearth, not slaving in the factory. Since many women longed to concentrate on the domestic duties which were their lot anyway, this trend could hardly be deemed oppressive.

Yet for all the futile battles and frustrated effort, the Solidarity years brought with them a sense of direction and purpose, a belief in the slow, painstaking struggle to create awareness and change in women's lives. The introduction of Martial Law destroyed these prospects instantly, for it ended the liberalised climate of 1980/81 which had allowed groups like Renia's to thrive. The aftermath was the internment of one member, and a general dampener on the activities of the group as a whole. Feminist concerns were shelved as fundamental political battles took precedence over ones seen as sectional — and indeed threatening by both men and women. Without freedom of expression, of association, of access to authority and all the other rights Solidarity fought for, the women's cause could not hope to advance.

Apart from their very real fear that too overt activity (meaning anything from merely assembling in larger numbers to demonstrating for 'peace') would result in a clampdown by the authorities, all were caught up in the general mood of despondency and frustrated expectation that characterised the period. In this situation, the Church's authority became unchallenged, speaking in its two tongues of political freedom and sexual conformity. In purely practical terms, the struggle for material survival dominated everyone's perspective, leaving little energy for contemplating the social injustice of women, not men, standing for hours in queues; women, not men, working for less money and longer hours; men, not women, having created the mess in the first place.

These days, the numbers of the feminist group are depleted, its energy consistently frustrated. In 1984, two members were refused passports to attend an international women's conference in Holland. They were told they had applied too late, although they applied months before their expected departure. Thus, Poland was represented by the Women's League, a government-sponsored organisation which totally lacks credibility in Polish eyes, a fact which obscures some of the more positive aspects of its work.

The basic problem, however, remains that of reconciling the need for anonymity (as protection against the security apparatus) with the need for active work to strengthen and develop the 'movement'. These are clearly contradictory aims, and their mutual application creates an impasse of self-doubt and inertia, a falling between two stools which may prove destructive. Renia's attitude speaks for them all:

> We have no hope under the present system. As long as it survives, society won't part with its habitual obsession with the national problem to correct its inherent faults. Nor will it achieve the liberal freedoms necessary for a climate accommodating and encouraging all shades of opinion. All we can do is to lie low in our individual cells, and hope that the change will one day come. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gadfly

Nicci Gerrard

Emma Goldman: An Intimate Life
ALICE WEXLER *Virago* £12.95 & £5.95

IT WAS Emma Goldman who said of the Russian Revolution, 'If there's no dancing, count me out' and who revitalised the relationship between 'Bread and Roses', insisting through years crammed with political activity that asceticism and self-sacrifice had no place in her struggles. Her subjective discontent and indomitable moral passion alchemised ideas uttered by others into an idiosyncratic vision of a better world.

An oppressed Russian Jew from Kovno, Goldman arrived in America in 1885 at the age of 17. Her ardent, irritable voice and uncomfortable charisma dominated the political stage for over 30 years. As a socialist anarchist who wanted not to capture but to destroy state power, Goldman lectured on anarchism and birth control and against the war; she worked for imprisoned radicals and nursed among poor immigrants; published the Anarchist journal *Mother Earth* and wrote political essays; she spent years in prison and defended the Bolshevik Revolution. Her concerns were broad-based and eclectic — she saw herself as a 'gadfly' whose purpose was to sting others into action. Alice Wexler's admirable biography approaches its subject with wary fascination and is concerned with stripping away the fictions encrusting the Goldman myth. What gradually emerges is a complex and movingly human portrait of a lonely woman, terrified equally of commitment and abandonment, who in a moment of self-revelation described her activities as 'an escape from my emotional dissatisfactions deeply hidden in my inner life' and who explained her unquenchable energy as the vain attempt to 'melt the ice crust over my heart'.

Only this emphasis upon Red Emma's inner conflicts and emotional uncertainties can illuminate her extraordinary influence. The careful delineation of the social and political context in which Goldman operated and the exposition of her theories, both of which Wexler provides with economic lucidity, can form only the reticent background for a vivid life. For Goldman stood not upon a solid foundation of consistent theory but upon the shifting sands of her own emotional reactions. Her confused support of her lover Berkman's assassination attempt on the capitalist Henry Clay Frick alienated her from fellow anarchists. When the disturbed Czolgosz killed President William McKinley and cited Goldman as his inspiration, her guilty and impassioned defence of an act with which she disagreed stranded her in the political wilderness for several years. And in spite of the Bolshevik Revolution of 1917 being led by 'governmentalists' and opposed by the Russian Anarchists, she heralded it as a triumph, for with all its flaws the Bolsheviks 'are flesh of our flesh and blood of our blood'.

Christine Roche

Emma Goldman

In Wexler's biography, Goldman comes across as a character deeply riven with contradictions. Believing in personal freedom, she was uneasy about feminism and often hostile towards other women. A notorious exponent of free love, her ten-year relationship with Ben Reitman was both erotic and obsessively possessive: the agonised intensity of her reiterated desire humiliated her independent spirit and propelled her into a sexual jealousy redolent of the torture chamber's masochistic pleasures. Wanting justice for the downtrodden masses, she nevertheless became increasingly individualist, positing an 'aristocracy of the spirit'. Believing herself to be a forerunner of the future, Goldman's words and actions paradoxically place her also in the American Romantic tradition whose writers she so admired — with Thoreau, Emerson and, above all, Walt Whitman.

Wexler locates the secret of Goldman's enduring power beyond political theory and action, in the character of the woman herself. The passion which she brought to every hidden corner of life is almost frightening in its intensity and poignant in its insatiability. Though vitriolic in her atheism, Goldman's moral zeal lay very close to religion and was often couched in religious language: she spoke of her socialist 'conversion' as an 'epiphany' and transformed her theories into the language of faith — 'It is not enough to grasp our ideas. It is necessary to feel them in every fiber like a flame, a consuming flame, an elemental passion.'

Goldman was not subtle. The edgy, delicate negotiations of Intellectual Anarchism were shattered by her sarcastic, lashing speeches, her raw, loud warnings, grandiose gestures and genius for appropriate melodrama. Egocentric, bullying, rhetorical, impatient, scornful and insecure, she towered above her milder-mannered comrades and 'hypnotised' friends and enemies alike. In her personal and public life she attempted to satisfy a yawning hunger and need for recognition. The excessive passion she felt for Reitman — 'I love you with a madness that knows no bounds, no excuses, no rivals, no patience, no logic' — and her continuous appeals that he should 'fill me up' are paradigms of her unflagging quest: her unquiet, unsleeping desire for affirmation and fulfilment.

Wexler's biography closes with Emma's deportation in 1919, although she did not die until 1940. In literary terms, it is perhaps a wise decision to leave the 'Anarchist Queen' sailing towards Russia, her homeland and 'one great ideal'. After the American years, her life was a sad falling-off: ignored or reviled, she lived to see her 'ideal' buckle into 'tyranny' and her own symbolic force fade. But it is frustrating not to follow Goldman away from America and then

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ISSUES IN THE MINERS' STRIKE

DIGGING DEEPER

EDITED BY HUW BEYNON

THE BOOK OF THE STRIKE!

Month after month the miners' remarkable strike has been hitting the headlines and making history. There has never been anything like it before.

DIGGING DEEPER draws together a collection of up-to-the-minute and hard-hitting contributions which get beneath the routine 'Scargill vs MacGregor' personalization of the dispute to uncover the real issues at stake: the strategy of the Tories; the role of the police and courts; the resistance of the miners, their families and supporters; the divisions in the TUC and Labour Party; and the future of an industry which has been in the grip of the longest strike this country has ever seen.

Argued with authority and conviction, **DIGGING DEEPER** is the book of the strike.

'Congratulations to Huw Beynon and his contributors. DIGGING DEEPER is the first analysis of the miners' strike which is adequate to the issues ... It is refreshingly free from easy sloganizing ... and gives the problem back to us all – not the "miners' crisis" but our own. EP Thompson

CONTRIBUTORS: Huw Beynon, Alan Fountain, Bob Fryer, David Howell, Kim Howells, Ray Hudson, Chris Jones, Loretta Loach, Doreen Massey, John McIlroy, Peter McMylor, Tony Novak, David Sadler, Bill Schwarz, Hilary Wainwright, Jonathon Winterton. With a preface by Eric Heffer.

Paperback £3·95 86091 820 3
Hardback £16·50 86091 113 6

VERSO
15 Greek Street London W1V 5LF

Russia into the uncertain life of Europe between two wars, for certainly she never made peace with herself or the world: her whole being revolted against compromise and tolerance. She strained towards an impossible dream and berated others for not also dreaming: 'When we can't dream any longer we die.' Until her death, Emma Goldman fought for her dreams with the tenacity of one fighting for life. □

FICTION

Art of living

Roger Lewis

LITERATURE, I said in my last review, has become over-literary. It lacks all sense of a soul. By toothsome coincidence, Josef Skvorecky's new novel seems designed cannily to disperse my trepidations. **The Engineer of Human Souls** (Chatto, £9.95) is heady with the quality of felt life. Long, detailed, meandering, funny, gloomy: there is a world in this book which exists not only in its author's typewriter.

Yet there are danger signs. Skvorecky still wants his fiction to acknowledge its fictional status. He does this by making the narrator, Danny Smiricky, both a novelist and a teacher of Eng. Lit. By an unique turn of the screw, however, discussions in the professor's class aren't about how enchanting the classics are; rather, Smiricky's charges are engaging and illiterate younglings who see through the impostures of Poe, Hawthorne, Twain, Crane, Fitzgerald, Conrad. Nor are the students censured for their sneering. And they are not rebuked for their ingenious feats of evasion when essays are due (required to discuss colour in *The Scarlet Letter*, Wendy eschews writing to produce a montage of cartoons and embroidery). Smiricky is a Czech refugee, the novel is set in Canada, and he wallows in all freedoms of speech and expression.

The Engineer of Human Souls, its form a loose, baggy monster, makes leisurely excursions from the Edenvale College present to the Prague past. We learn about the narrator's war work at a Messerschmitt factory; we even tug back further to hear about Smiricky's father's heroism during the First World War. Family life is Skvorecky's window onto the life of a nation. We see the emergence of Stalinism and the descent of an iron curtain. Czechoslovakia is a prison where even colourful clothes are outlawed (too louche).

Little of this is left behind in Canadian exile. Firstly, memories impinge. Secondly, letters from old friends interpolate the text; Czechoslovakia comes through in the mail. Thirdly, Smiricky has fallen among the local refugee community — who are a spirited crew. I liked the dotty Dotty (who likes to return to Prague to speak loud English and be a sartorial show-stopper) and the 'practical sexologist' Margitka — who scours herself with Lysol and lily of the valley. Why, the question remains, did Smiricky scoot abroad? Because, like his own students, he saw through a legislated sham. The Eastern bloc wanted its writers to be propounders of State doctrine: to be engineers of human souls. Smiricky, and Skvorecky, believe in folk who are nobody's flunkeys.

Exile is one way of broadening horizons, travel writing is another. Our dwindling currency will soon ensure that the only way most of us will ever afford to voyage is in a book. We'll be housebound while scribes peregrinate on our behalf. **Foreign Exchange** (Hamish Hamilton, £9.95), new travel stories, is a compendium of such postcards. Exotic locations are the excuses for slim fables: Carlo Gebler tells of a Mexican holiday when he was terrorised by a Rottweiler; Norman Lewis's slice of Cuban life is revealed as the excised section of a thriller; Rose Tremain follows closet-queen Robin as he lusts after Gerald in Corsica; Colin Thubron finds a pair of reformed dissidents in Leningrad; Anne Spillard sojourns on oil-slicked Ithaca; Lisa St Aubin de Teran, her name a romantic address, is ghoulish about deaths and entrances in Normandy; Michel Deon revisits war-mongered Umbria; Clare Boylan gives us a few French dirty-words; David Profumo monitors an embittering reunion on Corfu; Nicholas Wollaston's bejungled tale is laced with Rider Haggard; Fay Weldon, in the best of the mettlesome bunch, watches a Danish au pair in grubby England. We are made to see ourselves as others see us: exploitative, duplicitous, atrocious at cooking.

The appeal of travel writing is that we want to be convinced about the spirit of place; we want to believe that the author has at least breathed in and out in the regions sketched. Though such a convention is apt to be mocked (think of Swift's Lemuel Gulliver), it does not help the reader to be told, as Julian Evans, the editor of *Foreign Exchange*, tells us, that 'All the stories commissioned for it are deliberate fictions.' Disbelief, then, is not to be suspended.

This is my own problem with science fiction, a bastardised genre if ever there was one. Disbelief can *never* be suspended. Coleridge's famous phrase is linked directly with **The Anubis Gates** (Chatto, £9.95 & £3.95). Tim Powers's fantasy is about a Coleridge scholar, Brendan Doyle, who slips into a time-warp and finds himself in the company of his hero. Romantic London is reckoned to be full of black magic, wicked gypsies, Egyptian hokum, werewolves. It really is a load of balls. Knowledge of Byron and Hazlitt and Madame de Stael (let alone Samuel Taylor) is pitifully inadequate. A rancid mulligatawny stew of a book. But at least *The Anubis Gates* is not larded with the allegorical cahoots of J.P. Miller's **The Skook** (Hutchinson, £8.95). Span Barrman stumbles into a subterranean cave and meets a tutelary monster: 'Unable to see anything but The Skook, he accepted The Skook as the only reality.'

From the Hobbits to the Watership bunnies to the wizened foetus of ET, science fiction tries its best to incarnate sentimental deities. The creatures are folksy gods; the theology winsome and coddish. **Archimedes and the Seagle** (Viking, £8.95) is David Ireland's attempt to show us the world according to a pooch. An earthbound dog imagines what it must be like to fly. Snoopy meets Jonathan Livingston. There is scope here for an eccentric comedy — but the chance is not taken up. The novel is a whimsical

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

encounter of an emetic kind: 'Under the Veneer of Nature Lie the Floor Boards of the Universe.' Yet I am grateful to these books. I at last understand what Hugo Dyson meant in his cryptic remark to Guy Davenport about Tolkien: 'Dear Ronald . . . His was not a true imagination, you know: he made it all up.' The true imagination delimits the real; sci-fi shows that in the realm of pure fancy limits are quickly reached. □

Tensions

Zareer Masani

India: The Siege Within
M. J. AKBAR *Penguin* £2.95
The Nehrus & The Gandhis
TARIQ ALI *Picador* £2.50

IT'S A DEPRESSING measure of Britain's colonial hangover that, of these two books, the one which offers an authentic insider's analysis of India's state of siege is far less likely to be noticed or read.

Akbar's excellent study makes few concessions to Britain's need for an exotic, imperial Wild West. It offers instead a thoughtful and well-researched history of the conflict, 2,500 years old, between centralising and separatist forces in the sub-continent. And remarkably, for a work of this kind, it's concise, elegantly written and entertaining.

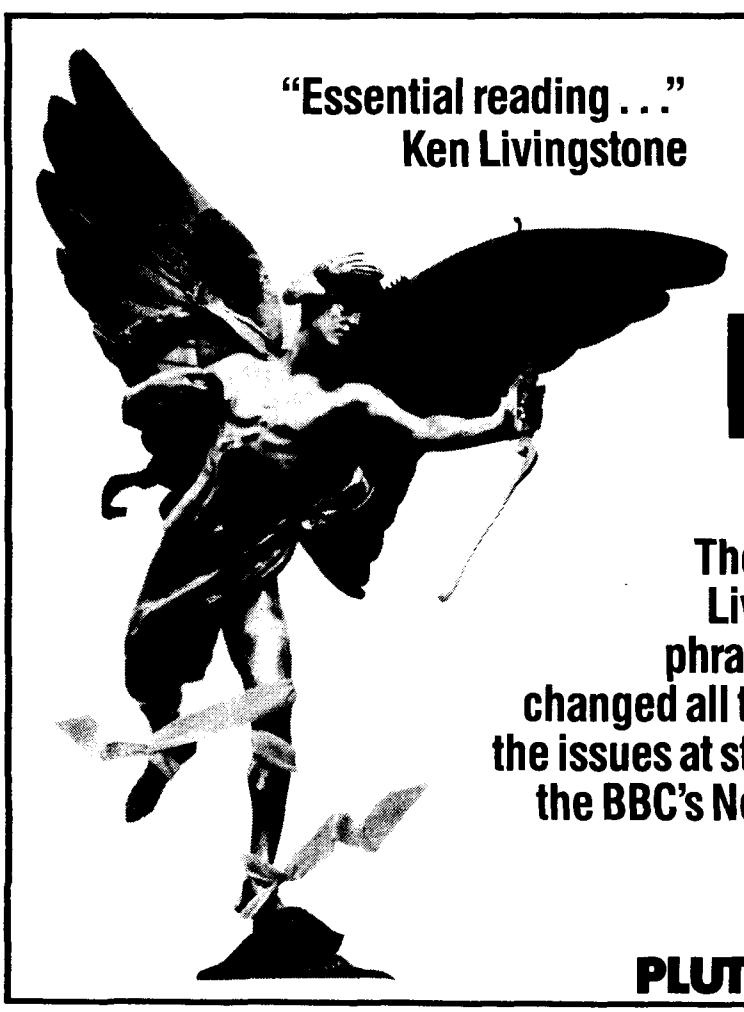
Akbar makes no bones about his own unashamedly federalist vision, which includes Pakistan and Bangladesh. His central argument is persuasive, if not entirely convincing — that the sub-continent, left to itself, would find equilibrium in a loose, pluralistic unity, reflected politically in a federal system. A 33-year-old Muslim, and already one of India's leading journalists, Akbar himself has a pedigree which epitomises India's unity-in-diversity. His mother's family were Kashmiri Muslims who migrated to Punjab and thence to Pakistan, while his father was the son of a Bihari Hindu convert who settled in Calcutta.

Though he offers some clues, Akbar stops short of explaining why modern India, before or after partition, has failed to evolve political institutions which adequately express its federal urge. This is because he underplays the centralising, yet divisive, chauvinism of the Hindu-majority, Hindi-speaking heartland. While he rightly dismisses the political absurdity of a theocratic Pakistan which can survive only under mullah-military dictatorship, it does not follow that the secular-democratic pretensions of India's Congress Raj can be taken at face value. After all, the Hindu overtones of Mahatma Gandhi's mystical nationalism, and the arrogance of the Hindu élites who dominated Congress, did as much to alienate Muslims as Jinnah's two-nation theory.

According to Akbar, independent India, unlike Pakistan, has avoided further partitions because of the safety-valve of its democratic system. But was Mrs Gandhi's emergency rule in the mid-1970s really that much more liberal than Bhutto's in Pakistan? And surely India's use of massive military force against secessionist hill-tribes in the north-east, which Akbar ignores, must rival the excesses of Pakistan's military action in tribal Baluchistan. Akbar's own account of continuing government repression against the Sikhs in Indian Punjab reads ominously like a description of conditions in East Pakistan, now Bangladesh, in 1971.

His otherwise dispassionate study of the current Punjab crisis has one major flaw — it equates Sikh fundamentalism with the Muslim separatism of colonial times. The big difference is that now it is a Congress government in Delhi, not the British, who have been playing the politics of communal divide-and-rule, first inciting Punjabi Hindus under the banner of Hindi linguistic separatism, and later secretly backing Sikh extremists against the moderates. Akbar also ignores economic grievances about the industrial underdevelopment of Punjab and the absence of local jobs for growing numbers of its educated, unemployed youth. Instead, he optimistically attributes Sikh emigration abroad to growing rural affluence.

He is fairer to regional demands in Muslim-majority Kashmir, the turbulent laboratory of Indian secularism. Here he makes it clear that the real threat to unity comes, not from minority secessionism, but from the reluctance of the Congress Raj at the Centre to allow majority-rule in states it cannot control. It is not Nehru but the Kashmiri Muslim leader, Sheikh Abdullah, who emerges as the hero of this book,



"Essential reading . . ."
Ken Livingstone

THE
BATTLE
FOR
LONDON
Francis Wheen

The Battle for London is on! Before Ken Livingstone, 'local government' was a phrase that made people yawn. The GLC changed all that. The Battle for London explains the issues at stake. Francis Wheen, a presenter for the BBC's News Stand, sets out the facts and the options—and lets you decide.

£1.95

PLUTO 105a Torriano Avenue, London NW5 2RX. 01-482 1973

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

consistently rejecting Muslim Pakistan for secular India, even though it meant spending 13 years in Indian jails.

Akbar offers fascinating evidence of how medieval Indian history has been rewritten to perpetuate Hindu stereotypes about Muslims, portrayed in school textbooks as predatory, 'foreign' invaders who tyrannised over an essentially Hindu country. One wishes that he had brought the same insight to bear on the political practice of ostensibly secular and federal state institutions.

A major bulwark of India's central state has, of course, been a north Indian, Brahmin ruling family, Hindu enough to satisfy the heartland, but sufficiently secular to reassure the minorities. Akbar's book shows that family moving a long way from Jawaharlal Nehru's secularism, with Indira Gandhi and her son, Rajiv, tilting the communal balance heavily in favour of a Hindu base. One would have expected Tariq Ali's portrait of the Nehru-Gandhi dynasty to explain such changes in India's central leadership; but his priorities seem to lie elsewhere.

One hesitates to accuse a veteran of International Marxism of colluding with Raj nostalgia. But how else can one view a book whose only original discovery is the importance of Nehru's romance with Edwina Mountbatten, the Daphne Manners of this dynastic drama?

The lives of India's modern Caesars have already been the subject of copious biography; and Tariq Ali relies almost wholly on the work of his predecessors. But was there any point in a tedious repetition of the story if there was nothing new to add? There was certainly room for a study of the making of the dynasty and of the political culture that legitimised it. But that would have required new research and some serious analysis, neither of which appear in this hastily improvised dog's breakfast.

Tariq Ali implies that the dynasty owes its fortunes to founding-father Jawaharlal, whose achievements take up more than half the book. But his long-winded and discursive account of the nationalist movement misses out the most interesting part of the story — how the Congress Trinity of Father, Son and Holy Ghost (as Motilal and Jawaharlal Nehru and Mahatma Gandhi were sometimes affectionately known) assured the younger Nehru's political succession. Tariq Ali does not seem to know that when Jawaharlal took over as Congress President in 1929, his father, the outgoing president, had been pulling strings for him behind the scenes. He also misses the importance of Nehru's alliance with Gandhi in scuttling Subhas Bose, his main challenger for the nationalist succession.

Tariq Ali rightly suggests that the dynasty proper came into being in recent years, with Mrs Gandhi's blatant promotion of her sons. Yet his final section on the Brothers Gandhi, which should by this logic have been the core of the book, is astonishingly thin. There is no attempt to analyse the ingredients of populist leadership in India or to explain why a politically mature electorate, which so decisively rejected Mrs Gandhi's dynasticism in 1977, succumbed to it in 1980 and 1984.

Instead of including digressions on the dacoit queen, Phoolan Devi, surely he would have done better to examine the non-dynastic charisma of Opposition leaders like Jayaprakash Narayan or 'J.P.', heir to the mantle of Mahatma Gandhi, whose popular crusade brought down Mrs Gandhi's emergency regime. In a book which has several factual errors, the most serious is the misinformation about J.P.'s career, which leads to the suggestion that he was a pro-Hindu leader who adopted 'Bonapartist airs'.

Tariq Ali's neglect of alternative leadership creates the misleading impression that the Nehru-Gandhi dynasty is India's natural form of government. Indeed, his account of recent events, such as the storming of the Sikh Golden Temple and the massacre of Sikhs after Mrs Gandhi's assassination, reads alarmingly like an apologia for the dynasts.

What this book ignores is the complex political and social context of Indian dynasticism — the importance of caste and kinship networks, the strength of communal Hindu sentiment, the decline of parliamentary government, the centralising technocracy of business élites and the alienation of a cynical electorate. Apart from a throw-away reference to 'lumpen-feudalism', Tariq Ali does not address these issues. Instead, relying on the most banal Western stereotype of Third World politics, he blames the 'low level of culture' in the Indian countryside, and a 'belief in all sorts of religious individuals'. □

IF IT'S OUT OF PRINT

Our mail-order warehouse has over 100,000 titles in history, economics, politics, social-economic movements, Afro-Asian-Soviet affairs, war, revolution and peace.
We also buy books, pamphlets and periodicals
Phone 01-876 7254 or write (s.a.e. please)
Barnes High Street, London, SW13

TRY HAMMERSMITH BOOKS
Since 1948 a world-wide book service

Awkward facts

Michael Heffernan

What's to Become of the Boy?
HEINRICH BÖLL trans. Leila Vennewitz
Secker £7.95

AS A BOY Heinrich Böll was cured of his terror of maths by his brother Alfred. The two of them became so hooked on the subject that they spent weeks trying to trisect the angle, speaking in whispers lest their parents' lodger, an engineer, should steal their discovery. This short memoir of Böll's adolescence is itself a carefully measured piece, though it recognises from the start that no fiddling will make the numbers fit together, whether they be the seven Communists who were beheaded with an axe during the 'horror-year' of 1933, or the three youths, one of them Böll, who, as the only boys in the school not belonging to a Nazi organisation, were kept in on Saturday mornings tidying an already tidy library.

And there must have been a definite number of 'bloody towels' which drove a friend's father to resign from the police force: 'those, too,' says Böll, 'were not symbolic signs; the "bloody towels" were related to the screams I had heard in Achter-Gässen, from Rosen-Strasse and Landsberg-Strasse'. As in his novels, precision of place matches precision of time in this chronicle of brute, 'not symbolic' fact. It restricts itself to the period from January 1933 to Böll's graduation in 1937 from secondary school, where the pupils 'were being prepared for death' by 'those highly educated, unquestionably decent' teachers of Cologne.

The young Heinrich found Nazism instinctively and aesthetically repulsive, but he was no hero, at least in his own 63-year-old eyes. He 'did not suffer', not as those whose screams he heard on the way to school suffered. But he did keep faith with himself, and with what he took to be *his* faith, the mildly anti-clerical Catholicism of his family. In return, the family and the Catholicism, in the shape of his school, kept faith with him.

His father, a furniture repairer, had an admiration for Mr Micawber, but an easy way with money himself. The family moved several times, and Böll's mother needed the direst official warning to stop her tampering with the electricity meter. They got by, 'helped by that explosive mixture of petty-bourgeois vestiges, Bohemian traits and proletarian pride, arrogant rather than humble'. Böll remembers the price of cigarettes on the black market and the different combinations of ham, rolls and cinema tickets he could buy with an hour's fee as a private tutor. When times got hard, the family's natural disdain for Hitler was overruled as they realised someone would have to join; Alois, Heinrich's brother, was elected to become a Storm Trooper, and among the book's several descriptive cameos is an account of the camp where he 'trained'.

Financially unsteady, home life was nevertheless secure in its loyalties. So, as Böll remembers it, was school, where the headmaster felt obliged to try cajoling him into the Nazis, 'to Christianize from within', but was embarrassed in the attempt. Heinrich went his own way, a committed truant. It was natural for his mother to ask what was to become of him.

In this miniature of his youthful self, he paints neither the hero nor the lover: 'I will limit myself as far as possible to externals.' The book's austerity is its singular virtue, though disguised by Böll's conversational manner, as if the medicine needed to be injected through the finest available needle. The aim is less ironic, more straightforward, than in his recent fiction, but there is a recognisable contrast between the struggling, yet resourceful young Heinrich and the alien world around him. Followers of Böll's political themes will also be interested in the books he was reading before the war, particularly the Catholic social ideas of Chesterton and Léon Bloy. This is just one area in which the memoir could well have been longer.

Perhaps deliberately, the overall impression is unsatisfying. Apart from its brevity, the book's lack of surface passion renders its subject less engaging than one feels it should be, as though it meandered as aimlessly as young Heinrich on his bicycle through the streets of Cologne. But that is the way of memory. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Shorter reviews

Gay Liberation in the Eighties

JAMIE GOUGH & MIKE MACNAIR *Pluto* £4.95

Given its title, this is a less contemporary and much less angry book than it should be. Instead it's an extended essay on the thesis 'No Socialism without Gay Liberation'. As such, there are several points in its favour: it includes a feminist and lesbian perspective, covers a vast range in just over 100 pages and is surprisingly coherent in its analysis of the links between economic organisation, the family and the structuring of sexual identity.

That said, it is badly aimed. Lesbians and gay men are fighting a daily battle against the morality of monetarism: censorship, restriction of abortion and contraception, NHS cutbacks, AIDS hysteria. If we have any interest in theories of the 'causation' of sexual preference, we certainly want something more meaty than this skeletal summary of Engels, the decay of the family and the fetishisation of sexual desire. It adds little to feminist and GLF pamphlets of ten years ago. The fact that most of it will be entirely new to the general reader shows how successful obscenity and indecency laws and the conservatism of mainstream publishers are at suppressing the exchange of ideas. Unfortunately, readers who do believe that their form of sexuality represents the norm by which deviants should be tolerated will find nothing in this book to convince them that women's and gay liberation are priorities, rather than incidentals, on the road to socialism.

It is not the diversity of sexual desire that needs explaining, but its almost universal and successful repression. There is a central conflict between the feminist and the socialist analysis which the authors gloss over. If the family structure and the subordination of women benefit most men, then socialist men have to address the questions of whether, and how, men can be persuaded to abandon those privileges; particularly when most aspects of their lives are under threat. This book offers excellent reasons why women and gay men should be socialists, and why *committed* socialists should support the sexual liberation movements. The rest is uneasy silence.

Anna Durell

In Defence of Animals

ed. PETER SINGER *Blackwell* £15 & £4.95

'. . . electric shocks were repeatedly administered to the tooth pulp of beagle dogs . . .' Such statements are sparingly meted out in this new collection of writings about our relationship with non-human animals, yet whatever they describe (from the slaughter of dolphins to the mutilation of battery chickens) make me want to find something to smash. The book's contributors are less impetuous, more experienced and thoughtful. Philosophers, biologists, activists, campaigners, even an ex-vivisectionist, they are here concerned with three things: to explain precisely what we *do* to other animals (or allow to be done on our behalf); to consider how this clashes with existing systems of ethical/political thought; to suggest some strategies for change.

The essays, designed to give an overview of an increasingly complex movement, are written from several perspectives — and one or two of them, I have to say, puzzled me quite a bit. Marian Stamp Dawkins's useful contribution on animals' ability to suffer, for example, appears to be drawn from the observation of a series of deliberately pain-based tests. Less problematic, more coherent and persuasive, are Mary Midgley's philosophical essay on how we define/conceive of 'persons', Richard D. Ryder's investigation of non-animal research techniques, Alex Pacheco's enraging description of the Institute for Behavioural Research and Tom Regan's 'Case for Animal Rights', an excellent synopsis of his recently published book of the same title.

The entire collection, however, acts as a valuable introduction to the wide range of areas (farming, hunting, scientific research, etc), philosophies (animals' rights, human duties) and approaches (reformist, revolutionary) that make up the movement for animals' liberation. For those who have already been introduced, its value lies in exposing the contradictions still left to resolve: most crucially that between animal liberationists and conservationists.

Harriett Gilbert

Brett: From Bloomsbury to New Mexico: A Biography

SEAN HIGNETT *Hodder* £14.95

Sean Hignett has written an interesting biography of yet another silly-ass daughter of a lord, in this case Dorothy Brett, whose father was the 2nd Viscount Esher. Brett is best known for having been a hanger-on of D.H. Lawrence for a brief spell in Taos, New Mexico, where she lived in squalor, painting Indian ceremonies, for the rest of her life after Lawrence and Frieda left. She was a third-rate painter and, by this account, a first-rate troublemaker and sponge, utterly egocentric and selfish, much given to crushes on women and men alike, but having her only real affair with John Middleton Murry.

Hignett occasionally strains for effect — 'the last unleaping days of February 1931'; 'his secretary in the Somerset Maugham sense' — but in a way that is rather quaint than irritating. His research has been thorough, but the whole effect, as is so often the case with biographies of such tangential people, is as if some insignificant detail of a painting, some incidental character in a novel, had been magnified in such a way as to trivialise the whole.

Anne Smith

The Politics of Euromissiles: Europe's Role in America's World

DIANA JOHNSTONE *Verso* £18.50 & £4.95

I must begin my praise of this very good book by noting a reservation. I am surprised that the author has adopted, without comment, the widespread usage of the term 'Europe' as a synonym for what turns out, here as in NATO politicians' speeches, to be only Western Europe: brief references to Poland and the GDR apart, there is no substantive discussion of Warsaw Pact countries.

That said, *The Politics of Euromissiles* is required reading for anyone active in the peace movement. Dealing in turn with West Germany, France and Italy, Johnstone charts the differential impact of the 1979 cruise and Pershing II deployment decision, whose motives she explores in her opening chapter (there are briefer, and less compelling, surveys of the other NATO partners). Keeping simultaneously in view the three countries' national histories, the strategic rationalisations of their establishment élites (she is especially caustic about Mitterrand and the French Left) and the forms and counter-strategies of their peace movements, and drawing on journalistic and specialist literature, she gives a full and vivid account. This in itself makes the book an invaluable reference work, and should recommend it to British readers, surfeited with details of weapons-systems, but starved (the excellent *END Journal* always excepted) of political and international discussion.

Behind different national contexts, Johnstone discerns a single US intention: to involve Western Europe, as NATO's 'second pillar', in the aggressive projection of American military power into the Gulf and then throughout the southern hemisphere. To resist this, the peace movements must examine North-South questions as well as the East-West Cold War which provides the background for global militarisation.

M. H. Ryle

Wired: The Short Life and Fast Times of John Belushi

BOB WOODWARD *Faber* £12.50

John Belushi's career would never have inspired a 450-page biography by a renowned journalist had it not been for the manner of his life and, above all, his death in 1982. Bob Woodward makes this plain, devoting almost 100 pages to Belushi's final 18 days. He lived fast, died young (aged 33), but conspicuously failed to leave a beautiful corpse. The autopsy report attributed death to 'acute toxicity from cocaine and heroin'.

Based on interviews with over 250 people, *Wired* is mainly occupied with Belushi in the big time, moving swiftly to the period when he was *primus inter pares* on NBC's *Saturday Night Live*, when he starred in the movie, *Animal House*, when the first album by his rock band, the Blues Brothers, made number one in America. This peak lasted barely three years. He left *Saturday Night Live* in 1979 to concentrate on films, but the five that followed *Animal House* were turkeys of varying proportions. Drugs were a major factor in Belushi's professional decline and *the* major factor in the personal decline which accompanied it. Before stardom, his formidable appetite for cocaine in particular had been curbed by a modest income. Wealth enabled him to become the man with the golden nose. Outside efforts to limit his consumption ranged from friendly persuasion to hiring 'bodyguards' for 'temptation management'. All failed. Towards the end, both his drug intake and his behaviour were out of control.

Wired exerts a horrible fascination. Reportage rather than traditional biography, a lurid story soberly told, it reconstructs Belushi's fall without offering authorial interpretations or judgments: those are left to Woodward's sources. Inevitably, some of them portray Belushi as a victim of success. But while fame and money admitted him to a world where drugs were the rule, they did not create his immoderate personality (he was also an obsessive eater, a heavy smoker, a spendthrift). And it was that inability to say 'Enough' which marked him for destruction.

David Montrose

CANADIAN BOOK FAIR
25 February – 30 April

Attention all book lovers

500 titles from 70 alternative and mainstream Canadian publishers brought to your doorstep.

Creative writing, women's studies, children's books and much more.

Come and see, buy, browse.

SOMA BOOKS LTD
AT THE
COMMONWEALTH INSTITUTE
KENSINGTON HIGH STREET LONDON W8 6NQ
TELEPHONE 01-603 4535

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FILMS

Money for old rope

Francis Wheen

Miranda Richardson as Ruth Ellis with Rupert Everett's David Blakely

Dance With a Stranger (15)
Plaza; Screen on the Hill
Country (PG)
Odeon, Haymarket
City Heat (15)
Warner, Leicester Square; Classic, Oxford St; various ABCs

DO YOU RECALL the case of Mrs Stylou Christofi? Probably not. She was a 53-year-old schizophrenic Cypriot woman of low intelligence, living in London, who killed her daughter-in-law in 1954.

Almost everyone, on the other hand, remembers Ruth Ellis. As the hangman, Albert Pierrepoint, commented in his memoirs:

> A few months previously, I had had to hang another woman in Holloway on the same scaffold which I later prepared for Ruth Ellis, and there had been no national outcry at all. The other prisoner had been not a blonde night-club hostess, but a grey-haired and bewildered grandmother who spoke no English, only the language of the tears that were on her cheek when I came to her — she was the Cypriot woman, Mrs Christofi.

It is easy to see why Ruth Ellis, rather than Mrs Christofi, is the subject of **Dance With a Stranger**. Not only was she the last woman to be hanged in Britain. She was also a glamorous 'good-time girl'. The lover she killed, David Blakely, was young and good-looking, an upper-middle-class racing driver who continually betrayed and beat her up. The man who was described at her trial as the 'alternative lover', Desmond Cussen, was quiet and doggedly devoted — 'droopy Des', as one of the women at Ruth Ellis's club called him. He provided her and her son with money and accommodation even though she gave him little in return; her love was reserved for the ungrateful David.

So far so good. But the film fails to take the story any further. Indeed, anyone seeing it without first knowing something about the case would probably emerge from the cinema feeling utterly confused. We are given little or no insight into why she should have shot David Blakely. Less than a fortnight before the killing he had punched her in the stomach and almost certainly precipitated a miscarriage. The film makes little of this important point.

One of the crucial questions in the case was that of where she had obtained the gun. She confided to her lawyer that droopy Des had given it to her and had shown her how to use it. This is not even mentioned in the film. Most oddly of all, the film ends with Ruth writing to David's mother, claiming that 'the two people I blame for David's death, and my own', are Carole and Ant Findlater. This will come as quite a surprise to the audience, since the Findlaters' parts in *Dance With a Stranger* are marginal. All we are shown is that they are acquaintances of David who disapprove of his affair with Ruth.

It is a dishonest film in other ways, too. The world in which Ruth Ellis moved was seedy, bleak and often violent, a world of basement night-clubs and brothels. None of this is evoked. The club where Ruth worked was run by Morris Conley, described in the definitive book on the case as a vice boss 'of unrivalled unpleasantness'; in the film, Conley (played by Stratford Johns) comes across as no more than a friendly father-figure. Even the bruises left on Ruth by David's punches are toned down. The romanticised settings are as anaemic as Ruth's bleached hair and alabaster face.

Miranda Richardson does her best with the part of Ruth, but the task is hopeless. Rupert Everett plays David as if still stuck in the part of Guy from *Another Country* — a bored, arrogant, rebellious public schoolboy. Only Ian Holm manages to carry much conviction, with his portrayal of droopy Des. But it isn't enough to burst through the encircling glamour. *Dance With a Stranger* is a film which asks no questions. Consequently, and not surprisingly, it provides no answers.

Country is another episode in the well-publicised love affair of Jessica Lange and Sam Shepard, and in the equally famous love affair between Shepard and rural America. The idea for the film, however, was Lange's; it seems that she, too, is a country girl at heart. The subject is the struggle of farmers in the Midwest to retain their dignity and their livelihoods despite the buffetings of recession. The prevailing colours are earth-brown and snow-white (literally, since much of the film takes place in a blizzard). Jewell Ivy (Lange) and her husband Gil (Shepard) get a letter from the finance company demanding repayment of all loans within 30 days; failing that, their farm equipment will be sold to cover the debt. Gil's reaction is to hit the bottle and, under its influence, to hit his son and wife. But Jewell persuades other farmers to join a campaign, and the wicked loan-merchants are seen off.

There are several affecting moments, notably when one farmer's mentally retarded son whacks the bailiffs who are repossessing some sheep. The grimness of the struggle is well caught, though the harshness of the farming itself is surprisingly neglected, save for one early scene when a passing tornado plays havoc with the harvest. The main problem is the need for a happy ending. After so much suffering, the sudden victory in the final frames seems just a little too neat.

Finally, and deservedly briefly, **City Heat** stars Clint Eastwood as his usual Dirty Harry self, set in the prohibition era this time, and Burt Reynolds as a bungling private detective. It is hard to know whether this is meant to be a romp or a serious thriller; perhaps because of that it fails to be either. □

DANCE

Shadow-play

Stephanie Jordan

Mantis Dance Company
ICA

AT THE CENTRE of Derek Jarman's set for **Mouth of the Night** is a blood-red map of England and Wales behind a laurel crown, a disquieting image used, I suppose, ironically — what laurels for England today? It is surrounded by reminders of a yet wider concern, mortality, the backdrop based on the Christ of El Greco's Resurrection and, side-stage, from the same canvas, the upside-down figure like a descending doomed soul. Stage right there is a skull the size of a boulder and, above, hanging flats like thunderclouds,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

looking massive in the tiny ICA space.

Mantis' seven dancers carry a hurried action through various scenes from a life: first communion (but with whom?); a wedding ceremony; a *danse macabre* disco — 'It Takes Two'; a scene called 'Incision' with blood spattered surgeons sent to remind us again of flesh; then the tangential final scene of men in army camouflage, women with foliage on their heads, like soldiers hiding in a woodland, all wearing medals (I spotted the DSO). The scene is called 'Ersatz', the word used more for its wartime associations than its literal meaning. In short, this is Jarman's piece: 'A 1985 renaissance of the Romantic Ballet' and, though the set has the exuberance of Leslie Hurry and Jarman's link with dance goes back at least as far as Ashton's *Jazz Calendar* (1968), his debt is to the private theatrical world of Lindsay Kemp, most notably in 'Ersatz'. Micha Bergese's is the one stable characterisation throughout, that of a demon, sometimes appearing in dusty Hammer Film Hellfire Club garb to ravish the bride or crown with black an unwilling wood nymph, tempt her with DSOs etc.

It is unwise to assume the existence of a narrative purpose in such a work beyond generalised comments on the pervasive presence of dark forces. Yet, out of Jarman's picture of a world haunted by images of fate, we possibly glimpse polite, ritualised society prey to insinuating evil and stumbling unthinkingly towards its damnation. The final reversal where the dazzling stage lights are turned on us, the public, suggests that we are implicated. For those of us looking for dancing, the evening offered only impoverishment. Bergese's choreography seems fettered by the clutter and the obscure plot. He needs more time and reason to indulge his concern for formal structure, not to block sections with standard flashy lifts and regimental ensemble work. Without consistent roles, the dancers except Bergese, whose movements are precipitant, are given no scope for individuality.

Mantis' second programme was more rewarding. Seen in London a year ago, **Stage 7** depicts the entire apparatus of a stage production. As if at rehearsal, musicians mingle freely with performers, technicians move around in the shadows with walkie-talkies and remote control for the mobile lighting gantry. In one scene, we seem to be viewing the performance from the wings (flats sideways to the audience). Very interesting, but the seven dances are oddly disunited, their language derived from ballet, Cunningham, with spinning, acrobatics and a manic limping step near the end... They contribute little to the premise of the experimental *mise-en-scène*.

Breakneck Hotel was choreographed for Mantis by American Timothy Buckley (seen at Umbrella '84), with music by his collaborator 'Blue' Gene Tyranny. Buckley's own costume designs are disingenuous as is the tenor of the piece, with its row of chairs, little suitcases and towels and tablecloth. It is overlong; Buckley's method is additive, scene upon scene, the music repeatedly revving up the action and the lightning recapitulation only a device for stopping up a sprawling work. But the organisation of bodies on stage is brilliant, the pace hectic. It is a clever piece and brings out the quality and stamina of the company. □

THEATRE

Barometers

Benedict Nightingale

Rumblings
PETER GIBBS *Bush*
The Garden of England
PETER COX *Shaw*

IN THE 1970s every other left-leaning dramatist seemed to be thumbing through a political almanac and darkly warning of cataclysm to come. Howard Barker, Stephen Poliakoff, Peter Flannery, Tony Bicat could be categorised among these futurologists, but the most important was, I suppose, the Howard Brenton of *The Churchill Play*. Though we've finished with 1984, the year in which he imagined a government of national unity setting up concentration camps for 'industrial saboteurs' and other unruly elements, his prophecy still seems in some ways uncannily accurate, down to the violent clashes in the coalfields that precede the melancholy events he actually shows us. After all, what's happening to civil liberties, trades-union power and effective political opposition in this year of grace, 1985? The difference, of course, is that it's being accomplished in a very British way, without anything so visible and unsubtle as a local gulag being necessary.

Will **Rumblings** — Peter Gibbs's attempt to inject new life into the faltering art of theatrical futurology — seem as apt in 1987, when it's set? Could be. It doesn't take huge suspension of disbelief to imagine a Britain with six million unemployed and a decaying Birmingham where 500 people are applying for a single clerical job, a peculiarly barren one at that. Perhaps a desperate government, mindful of burning buses in the street and other such symptoms of disaffection, will be encouraging industry to introduce four-day weeks and ten-week holidays and forbidding it to shed more than three per cent of its workforce per annum, as Gibbs supposes. That doesn't admittedly sound the sort of expedient that would appeal to the present incumbents; but, you never know, maybe deteriorating circumstances will have brought a wetter lot to power by 1987.

Yet the play would, I think, have been pretty different in mood, emphasis and scope, had one of the big Howards, Brenton or Barker, been writing it. Probably, they'd have spent the evening out and about, sniffing the political air and recording the results in some detail. As it is, Gibbs confines the action to one fairly Kafkaesque office, in which three men spend their days laboriously penning out facts that their fellow-workers can already obtain, and much more quickly, from the factory computer. We watch them coping with their non-jobs with varying degrees of zeal and waiting with varying degrees of interest to discover whether they'll be among the three per cent offered freedom in the form of a fat cheque. Gradually, the question at issue becomes more specific still: will fidgety Neil manage to buy his way on to the redundancy list and, assuming he's successful, will he take the boss's secretary, Jane, with him to a new life outside?

Gibbs writes deftly and entertainingly, and the play is nicely enough performed by George Irving, Chris Jury and others; but one increasingly feels that what began as a play about the big, troubled world has shrunk to one about small, troubled people. It suddenly seems hardly to matter that out there the roads are falling in and the buildings down, and no one is able to stop the disintegration. What count much more are personal needs and greeds that could as well be transposed to 1887 or 1787, so superficial becomes their connection with their time and place.

Indeed, we're left with just one supporting figure to suggest that Gibbs is still in the business of political meteorology, a shop steward as stupid as he's hypocritical. He battles to retain his fellow workers' jobs on the grounds that without them their lives would lack meaning, dignity, anything, and yet seems oblivious to the fact that the jobs are themselves entirely without meaning, dignity, anything. He grandly tears up a redundancy cheque that he's carelessly assumed to be for £30,000, then agonisedly tries to stick it back together when he realises the figure is actually £300,000, arguing that, while the smaller sum is a 'bribe', the larger one is 'redistribution'. A right-wing travesty of trades-union thinking? I think it would be more accurate to classify Gibbs as an all-round sceptic and his play, insofar as it shows any serious interest in politics at all, as an expression of political ennui and helplessness and maybe even apathy: the mood, in short, of so much of Britain in the mid-1980s.

SO MUCH; not all. The Brentons and Barkers may have written with fear and foreboding, but even now they wouldn't, I think, share that shrugging fatalism. The 7:84 company certainly hasn't surrendered to it and, as it makes clear in its **Garden of England**, nor have many of the striking miners. Where Gibbs would seem to find only a fatuous and soul-destroying attempt artificially to conserve jobs that no longer properly exist, it and they see a stirring and still-winnable battle to save whole communities from the effects of economic shortsightedness.

Garden is, however, far from self-indulgent agitprop. Though it comes with the odd, rousing song, it's a quiet, downbeat piece, which takes us into the canteen of a Kent miners' club and presents us, among other things, with an argument between the manager and one of his members about which is the more taxing task, feeding scores of children or serving on the picket line. These aren't jutting-chinned heroes, but ordinary people with ordinary foibles and ordinary flaws — and ordinary desires, such as preferring not to lose their jobs, villages, homes and futures. And, as they chat and bicker, point after point unobtrusively emerges, prime among them that it will take years, maybe generations, to overcome the bitterness against the police currently rife in the coal communities. The social schisms forecast in *The Churchill Play* are with us, and look like remaining so. □

John Coleman is unwell

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MUSIC

Miss and hit

Andrew Clements

Samson
Covent Garden
Xerxes
Coliseum

A DRAMATIC ORATORIO and one of the Italian operas to celebrate Handel's tercentenary in the London opera houses. The Royal Opera's **Samson,** produced by Elijan Moshinsky, is shared with the Chicago Lyric Opera and the New York Metropolitan, while English National's *Xerxes* brings back the production team led by Nicholas Hytner which staged the controversial *Rienzi* at the Coliseum in 1983 and more recently a superb *King Priam* for Kent Opera.

The Covent Garden package has all the trappings of a mid-Atlantic compromise, built around Jon Vickers in the title role, repeating a part he first sang there 27 years ago. It is still a gut-wrenching intepretation, first cousin to his Florestan and Peter Grimes and, in a real sense, *hors concours — hors* in fact any dramatic context at all, but absolutely compelling from his very first aria: his version (I choose the word advisedly) of 'Total Eclipse' is the evening's high point.

Unfortunately the conductor Julius Rudel evidently came as part of the same deal — how else to explain the engagement of an American conductor whose Handelian sympathies seem minimal in a city boasting half-a-dozen conductors with a finely tuned sense of period style? Rudel seemed incapable of inspiring either orchestral or chorus to give anything near its best: the orchestral sound was consistently thick and lifeless, and much of the choral singing little short of inept, with ragged entries, continual prompting and irredeemably flabby rhythms.

If Vickers strode on regardless of the musical mayhem around him, other singers also managed to give fine accounts of themselves, not least Sarah Walker (Micah) and Marie McLaughlin (Israelite Woman), while John Tomlinson (Harapha) turned in another of his by now familiarly solid, perfectly enunciated performances. Their portrayals were more firmly integrated into Moshinsky's production which, by transferring the action from its Biblical setting to a Jewish community somewhere in Eastern Europe (Poland? the Ukraine?) at the end of the 18th century, managed to generate a strong resonance. Some of the chorus scenes were over-fussy and precious, but the end of the work, when the Israelites mourn for Samson, was genuinely moving; elsewhere in the context of a more coherent presentation, it would have made the climax of a thoughtful intepretation. Overall, though, this *Samson* is an unsatisfactory mishmash of a kind only the Royal Opera can serve up so shamelessly.

But if you want to celebrate Handel's dramatic genius for his 300th birthday go by all means to the Coliseum, where three nights later **Xerxes** came like a breath of fresh air. The opening chords of the overture were enough to confirm that here a real and profound Handelian was in charge: Sir Charles Mackerras gave every bar a lightness and buoyancy, a dramatic point which made even the longest aria (and some of them are excessive) a continual joy. He gives his singers a free hand in matters of ornamentation and they need no further encouragement, even occasionally perhaps over-egging the vocal line; but their standard is consistently so high — among the principals there is not a single weak link — that such minor criticisms may be discounted.

Hytner's production is witty and imaginative; it transfers the action from ancient Persia to the Vauxhall Gardens of Handel's time, though the plains and ruins of Persepolis may be still seen in the distance. There is much by-play with deck chairs and *objets d'art*; at one point the stage is furnished with potted cactuses. The effect is frothy and exhilarating, a perfect foil to the excellence in the pit.

Brief notes only on the singers: Anne Murray's Xerxes strongly dramatic and hardly flagging at the end of a long and demanding evening; Christopher Robson's countertenor Arsamenes, expertly comic and unfailingly stylish; Jean Rigby's nicely over-the-top Amastris. Valerie Masterton as Romilda gets the most opportunity for vocal display and seizes it superbly, while Lesley Garrett makes a bright impression as her sister Atalanta, and Christopher Booth-Jones (Elviro) and Rodney Macann (Ariodates) supply broad humour. There are few choruses, but what there are get careful and acute performances, without any of the stodginess that afflicts their counterparts up the road.

A genuinely delightful production in every respect. □

ART

Fitting images

Peter Dormer

The Tyranny of Reason
TIM HEAD *ICA* until 17 March

MOST POLITICAL visual art in Britain is subsidised by the tolerance of its audience. Predictable collages of adolescent self-righteousness, poorly done photographs legitimised by reams of text and patronising murals are tolerated because, it is imagined, their creators had their hearts in the left place. But, beyond establishing their credentials as 'thinking, caring people', these artists fail with their work because they have neither aesthetic sensibility nor a sense for metaphor. Yet in Tim Head's installation-exhibition, *The Tyranny of Reason*, we have a daring exception.

Tim Head has taken his cue from two kinds of the modern picturesque: the revival of homely decoration — Laura Ashley qua-William Morris wallpapers and *all that* — and The Corporate Picturesque, a techno-leather, foyeresque 'n' boardroom style used by hotels, airports, IBM and Dallas. Head then sets out to peel away at the corners of the picturesque so that we may glimpse the malignancies underneath.

One enters the main gallery to walk between rows of metal shelves filled with projectors imposing and superimposing prettily coloured patterns on the walls. At the same time there is cheerful muzak playing, the kind that follows you from restaurant to foyer, to take-off and landing. And as you look more closely at the changing patterns on the walls the little images from which they are composed reveal themselves as pretty little symbols — VISA cards, Bunny Club signs, a rocket, a rat with a syringe. It is done with sweet decorum and at first sight is perfectly reasonable. The perversities of the weapons industry, the abuse of people and animals are disguised into the fabric of the picturesque — Bunny Clubs, credit cards and the solipsistic delights of Walkman headsets and videos.

Leaving the main gallery we enter a darkened room set up as an executive conference room. The feel as well as the look of this room is realistic; one not only sees the trappings of status but is led into feeling their protectiveness and their distancing effects. Picking your way in the low light you are aware of incongruities: the centrepiece of the table which looks like a modern executive decorative sculpture is a large power drill. By the use of a few incongruities, none of them overly horrible in themselves, the picturesque is first slightly undermined and then it disintegrates.

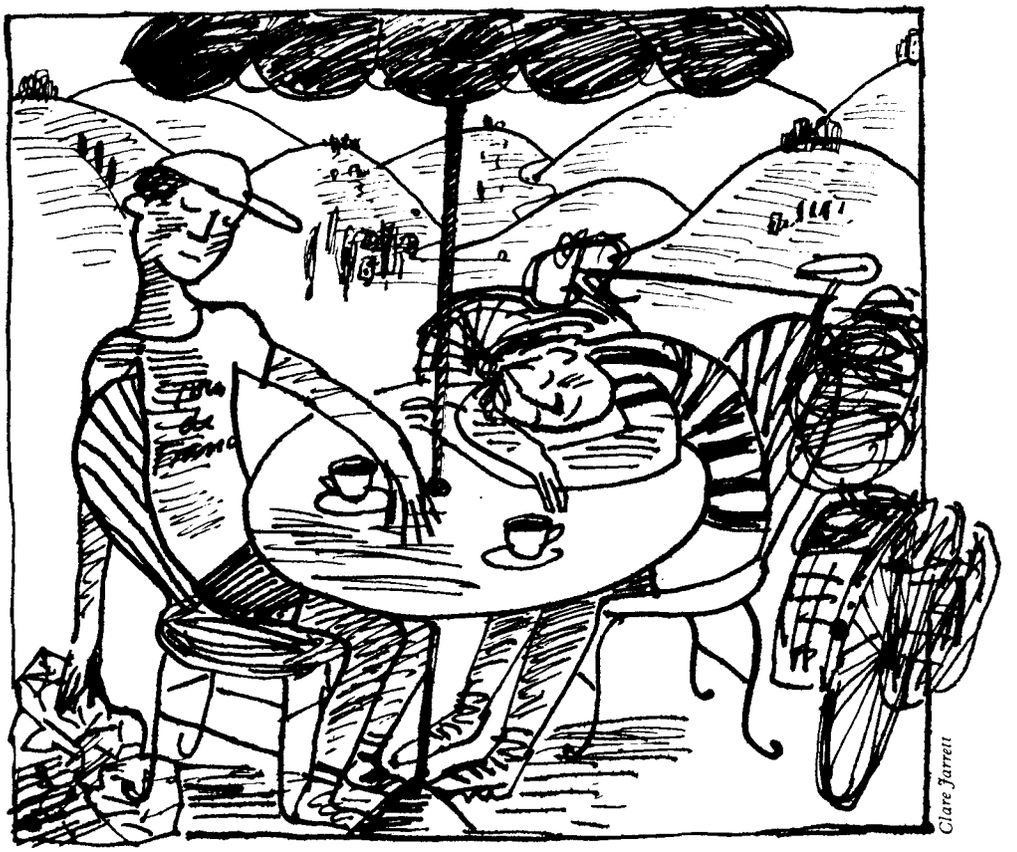
Head has concentrated on the cracks in the facades of rationality because 'reason' is modern society's first defence for all its abominations. My best way of clarifying this is to take a real example which Head might appreciate. On the outskirts of Paris lies La Defense, a new commercial development of megalomaniac proportions. This is Metropolis and it houses Fiat and IBM and others. Close by is a modern council housing estate whose buildings are equally bizarre — imagine vertical sten guns or exhaust pipes rising 20 and 30 storeys with round or teardrop shaped windows. In addition each tower is camouflaged in lilac, blue and green abstract decoration from top to bottom. Beneath them in a children's sandpit a large concrete python, five metres high, 50 metres long, writhes and twists. The attempt here has been to inject decoration and playfulness into institutionalised building. There we have it: the glacial hard-edged planes of Corporate Anonymity face the frenzied, patronising architecture of the public authority, each a mirror image of the other's bureaucratic reasonableness. For the reasons which led to La Defense may each have been good ones but in toto they have created, as Jules Lubbock has remarked (*NS* 8 February), a material tyranny.

In a more general sense Head's exhibition directs us to see the way in which our reasoned intentions grow increasingly askew as we build one premise on top of another until the whole edifice is a perversion. Without being a didactic exhibition, *The Tyranny of Reason* suggests that it is sensibility and not logic which our decision-making lacks. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Free-wheeling

M.H. Ryle



I'M NOT given to lamenting the missed chances of my youth, but last summer, shortly before we put our bicycles on the Florence train, I lay awake remembering the hitch-hiking holidays which, like thousands of other students, I took around 1970. I was happy to eat bread and tomatoes and to drink the cheapest wine in the shop; I had six or eight weeks to call my own. Such a stretch of time . . . And I seem to have spent most of it standing in a drizzle beside some main drag out of town — Rouen, le Mans, Avignon — gesturing at the passing traffic. A clement spirit, picking me up, would set me down an hour later in what might have been the same place: for the red network of Routes Nationales, bloodstream of motorised transit in which I lived like a parasite, could only bear me from point to similar point on a grid of Euro-suburbs.

With a car of your own, a little wit and a reasonable map, it's not hard, of course, to break away from main roads and explore Normandy, Connemara or wherever. I have had pleasant holidays of that kind. But is it only the good puritanism of my eco-consciousness which makes me find the prospect of a motoring holiday so uninspiring? There's plenty, to be sure, to say against the car. I shan't say it here, except to observe that the auto-tourist is one agent of the destructive vacationing which lays waste the very places we think we want to see. Even Florence, now, shows how the car has imposed on the once varied approaches and centres of every large town in western Europe a uniform shabbiness of tarmac, filling-stations, queues, din, stench. But leaving that aside, who will pretend that tearing along in an upholstered box offers the contact with countryside or buildings which makes travel memorable?

It would be easy, by car, to do in two hours any of the journeys which took us whole days in Tuscany: from Castellina in Chianti across the high ridge through Radda down into the Arno valley, from the upper Arno over the Alpe di Catenaia and down the mountain road through Michelangelo's birthplace (he left a few weeks later, but the village boasts a nice bar and a tiny museum on the strength of that brief stay), or up again through the Chianti, all woods and vines and distant tiled *fattorie* where the wine is made, from Siena towards Florence. Easy to make those trips by car, but by now I would have forgotten them, whereas, just because by bike it was tough and slow, I remember still the details of gradient and view and scent, the cafés where we drank the day's first and most welcome coffee, the meadows or woods we ate in and all the places, carefully sought out or found by luck in the fatigue of evening, where we stopped, unloaded the faithful bikes (you can't help esteeming them, as if they were animate) and made camp for the night.

Going to Tuscany was something of a break with the small holiday traditions we had established for ourselves. A bike piled high with gear makes the beholder think, perhaps, of muscular grit, rain trickling down necks of anoraks, wild country; and certainly my finest (though not, in fact, my dampest) cycling has been in Ireland, especially in County Mayo, where you can lean for hours into a westerly wind, and where cool skies, rocks and sombre bogs make part of the country's beauty. The Chianti, by contrast, is red wine — certainly — and an ancient landscape, which seems still cultivated for the harmonious, minute charm seen in the background of a *quattrocento* Baptism or Nativity. It's blue skies, a slow pace. How could riding a bike form any part of that imagined *dolce far niente*?

We need not have worried. The days were cloudy: we cowered, one night, beneath a tremendous thunderstorm which echoed for six hours among the peaks above us. The minor roads were often unsurfaced even where the map gave no warning, and it was the most fiercely hilly terrain I've ever ridden in. (Also, it was some task to organise the sending of the bikes by train, though it's very cheap: £4 from Victoria to Florence. And there were needless hassles, which we'll know how to avoid next time, bringing them back through British customs.) Adversity, I suppose, rather than *dolce far niente*? It didn't feel adverse. Had we found fairer weather, smoother roads, or even gentler hills, I don't see how we could have had a better time. So: if my imaginary 18-year-old niece or nephew (my son is seven, my daughter three; they stayed at my mother's while we were abroad, but their time will come) — if this niece or nephew were to ask how to spend their next holiday, I wouldn't offer to lend them the car I don't possess. Put your cycle on the ferry, I'd say, at Newhaven or Holyhead; when you've made your crossing, ride out of Dieppe or Dublin. You may not need to follow a main road until the holiday is over. □

THIS WEEK in

Beveridge's five evils return
Want, Disease, Ignorance, Squalor, Idleness: Jeremy Seabrook reports

AIDS and a Plague mentality
The fears aren't groundless, but panic is: homophobia is re-surfacing fast

The ethics of the miners' strike
Raphael Samuel questions the model of the liberal state

Plus: Raymond Williams on working class writing, Ted Wragg on teachers' bumpy ride, Michael Wood on British films

NEWSociety

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Naseem Khan

One in ten

FEW things indicate the narrowness of our arts provision more tellingly than the question of arts and the disabled. What are the issues involved? Access, people would probably say after some thought: ramps. The fact however that a reasonably high-powered committee has been deliberating for over two years on the area must suggest that the answer is likely to be more than ramps. Although the Attenborough Committee of Inquiry into the Arts and Disabled People will not report until the summer, its interim regional meetings have touched on a range of issues that go beyond the hackneyed ones of ramps, lifts and wheelchair space. Far more than access is involved. Training, employment, education, for a start. For the disabled are producers as well as consumers of arts.

The Committee of Inquiry was much in my mind in Brighton the other week, when I spent a day at a conference organised by Carousel, a lively young group that runs arts activities in hospitals, day care centres and so on locally. 'The practice of art,' said their regional meetings, 'allows release to frustrations and inner feelings which is often denied to severely disabled people.' On screen was an apt illustration: Brian, a stocky middle-aged man, was sitting hunched up on the floor. Behind him sat the movement teacher; carefully he put his arms round Brian and began gently to rock him to and fro, up and down; the movement became broader, until eventually Brian was being rocked far backwards, with cries of delight, legs up in the air. A simple movement it might seem, but given that Brian, like all the men in Veronica Sherborne's moving video, was blind and mentally handicapped, a huge step forward in physical confidence and trust.

Ms Sherborne's quietly considered talk and film were the opening courses in a packed day. Carousel had filled the polytechnic's hall with participants for a consideration of 'Creative Alternatives': a day that was almost too full, with drama (Alida Gersie from Herts College of Arts and Design), art ('Spontaneity and lack of inhibition is our great boon,' said Janie Stott), music ('All of us are musical. There is a vested music in every single person in this room' — Leslie Bunt from Bristol's Music Therapy Centre).

Once, however, you come to definitions and functions, there is a problem. Is it art? Or does the word 'therapy' in fact mean that it is the equivalent of a band-aid or painkiller? They may seem abstract, if not ponderous, questions, but in the current climate they are not unimportant. Arts by, with and for the disabled have had a hard time being heard. It is only in the last few years that they have managed to make much headway at all. In the Arts Council's case, this has been almost entirely due to a terror of the word 'therapy': considered, admits a recent Arts Council bulletin frankly, 'the responsibility of the health authorities rather than the Council'. It was, they now realise, 'a genuine misunderstanding': there is a distinction between art and therapy; the former they can fund.

This sounds like a tidy distinction, but must surely be shot through with ambiguity. It is not a line I would like to police. Take Strathcona, for instance, who came to perform to the Brighton conference. The company is recruited from the Strathcona social services day centre in North London. All are young mentally handicapped adults; the show — about fantasies of how life might have been — had been devised by them and was funny and poignant. It wasn't of a professional standard, though. So was it therapy or art? Graeae, recent winners of a 'Drama' award and the only such company to get Arts Council grant aid, have clearly stepped over the divide. It is not enough to nail intentions as the focal point, or competence of execution. For all sorts of other considerations creep in. Few handicapped people, for instance, have the opportunity to get a professional arts training at all, which obviously has some bearing on assessment, if there is to be any justice.

Justice is at the heart of the case. Handicapped people, it is worth remembering, are not an insignificant and minor section of the population. One in ten of us, reckons the Attenborough Committee of Inquiry, is handicapped to some degree, and the condition affects one in four families. How do they, or we, fare in access to the arts? One doesn't need to wait for the Committee's report to know the answer is 'badly'. At the simple level of spectating, buildings prove unbroachable; fire regulations in others are cited by unsympathetic managers as the reason for excluding wheelchairs. But more important than lack of facilities, say the Attenborough regional pre-report meetings, is lack of imagination, knowledge and will.

Despite that, the world of performance has grown at a surprising rate, and in diverse ways. The London International Mime Festival, for instance, brought over a French company (the Oiseau Mouche) whose surrealistic piece — all antarctica, isolation and a chill that is finally conquered by human togetherness — demonstrated a completely different approach to the theme of disability from that of our own more literal and literary theatre groups. Graeae, Strathcona, Matchbox, PATH: words are important to all of them — curious since some include people to whom words and speech present a huge problem.

The work, against the kind of odds that most people will never know, has become increasingly sophisticated. There is no doubt, however, that originally it emerged from a therapy base. All sorts of justifications exist for regarding such work as outside the boundary of the arts (not least the pragmatic one of inadequate funds). But the fact still exists that 'therapy' unfreezes the creative potential and can lead to a form of self-expression that has relevance beyond the person involved. It is the early, fertilising end of the process. Its triumphs, albeit less marketable, should not be overlooked. □

TELEVISION

Hugo Williams

Compost mentis

IT WAS THE WEEK when Les Dawson and the pound had to be taken into Intensive Care following the prostate or 'old man's operation'. The pair were said to be in considerable pain, although Les was in no immediate danger unless you counted that of eventually ejaculating into his own bladder, more ridiculous than anything else. The pound, despite its minder's pleas, failed to secure a blood transfusion from America.

Seeing that **The Last of the Summer Wine** (BBC-1) had risen above *Coronation Street* in the pop polls, I have been monitoring this grisly symbol of our collective senility.

In case you should never have absorbed any of the soggy waffle, it is about two elderly, middle-class, unemployed north country bachelors, one dominant the other docile, who have an unexplained interest in a randy working-class tramp called Compo, presumably short for 'compost heap'. This loathsome being is positively draped in bad lines and smells of rotting underpants. From the look of his trousers he needs a prostate operation urgently, as does the show, although it is perhaps beyond surgery.

The other members of this old-folks' gang are a sycophantic studio-bound element, kept out of sight because they are pinhead seniles on day-passes who laugh at everything and everyone, including 'What we have here is technically known as a right twit'. But their laughter doesn't build as human laughter does, it starts at the top, like a bark, and ends suddenly at the bidding of a warm-up-cool-down man, who is doubly out of sight. Our trio are so used to these mirthless squawls greeting their every word that you can see them visibly gloating over the reaction they will get, even before they have said the line, especially the tramp.

I have been trying to decide which of them I hate most, the hammy NCO-type straight man with stick and deerstalker who sets up the unlikely plots, the capering compost heap who brings him down with lovable working-class brio, or the Macintoshed Little Man, Clegg, who acts as a sort of aside in case the author has got any great lines in his notebook he hasn't crossed off yet, like 'I was just wondering whether to take my second pullover off'. I suppose it's got to be Compo for his overweening adorability and hand-un-picked jumper. The whole show stands still for hours at a time admiring its reflection in the opinion polls.

One week it resembled, and concerned itself with, a cast-off mattress dumped on the attractive hillside where the three are usually seen hiking. The mattress excites Foggy, the straight man, to institute The Dewhirst Campaign for a Cleaner Countryside. What

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was needed was The Dewhirst Campaign for More Original TV.

The influences are painful to behold — mostly from the safely dead. Compo is Steptoe Senior without the essential spite or timing. Foggy is another bash at Hancock, grandiose circumlocutions standing in for flights of the imagination. The fact that there are three of them, not two, and mostly outdoors, throws one off the scent at first, but it's all there:

'He knows what he's doing you know.'
'I'm improving his image.'
'He's improving my image.'

Morecambe and Wise perhaps? There is even a gormless waiter called Crusher courtesy of Bernard Bresslaw, a hen-pecked husband courtesy of everyone from Stan Laurel to Eric Sykes, a battleaxe originally created by Peggy Mount and someone else who reminds me of Irene Handl.

The technique is invariable: a series of pathetic deflations — as when Foggy's rhapsody about the lonely beauty of the mountainside is shattered by the roar of a motocross rider — followed by a heavily foreseen disaster passage: Compo's stunt man riding a motorbike into a river, or a stranger's mini ending upside down in a waterlogged quarry. 'Twee' is the word which springs most charitably to mind.

It seems to me we had a documentary about Laurence Olivier last year. Still, here's another, longer one, **Olivier** (BBC-1), to appear in hour-long weekly instalments, or 'Acts' (Why not 'Ages'?), using last year's material and adding various teeth-grindingly unenvious testimonials from lesser known actor-knights, notably the little known South African actor-knight, Sir Anthony Quaalude, anecdoting away in lonely splendour, and Sir John Mills, who said that Sir Laurence was a close friend of his. The programme collapsed under the weight of honest-to-goodness hyperbole.

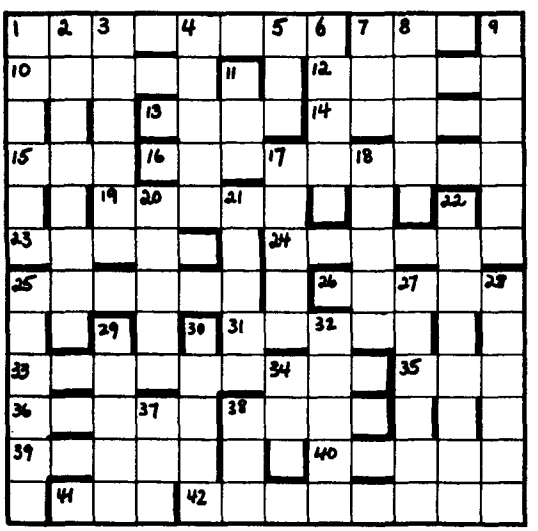
The material anyway has a familiar ring: how Larry gave his first fully-rounded performance aged nine, rose through the Central School and Birmingham Rep, the early breakthroughs, followed by stagnation in Hollywood — 'three films in two years' — the war and short-lived commissions for him and Sir Ralph in the Fleet Air Arm, then their triumphant wartime years at the Old Vic, capped by the film of Henry V. The rest is history.

But the series has a posthumous ring to it, like an early obituary. Is Larry unwell again? It must be strange for the old boy to be sitting at home hearing friends tell him what fun he used to be backstage in the good old days, 'gales of laughter between spells of work' etc. But I enjoyed hearing John Mortimer recounting the source of the famous eye-loss shriek from *Oedipus*. What Olivier was imagining apparently was the plight of the arctic ermins, their tongues frozen to the ice where trappers had lain down salt for them: critics laying out flattering reviews for unsuspecting actors perhaps. □

Salamanca 92

'1561, And All That'

PRIZES: £25 cheques for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Salamanca 92, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU, by first post 26 March.



Chambers 1983 Edition contains most of what is required, including two foreign words given as derivations, but does not contain one simple combination or two geographical words.

Name _____

Address _____

_____

_____

NB: The solution and prizewinners to Crossword 1469 will be published next week.

ACROSS

1 More signs to 'inder shore-makers (10)
7 Electrical discharge finished/not finished (3)
10 One lady dean, perhaps, not a lad (7)
12 Raise tums? These with mass, swelling, maybe (5)
13 What fuel sullies? (It's attacking pipes, say?) (4)
14 Islanders: naturally they have North Sea on either side of border? (8)
15 Turk's father occupied with one (3)
16 The ring Diane's lost: her fiance may take it as this? (13)
19 Transfer a large amount, see, for investment (5)
23 Plant Chiron used, one in a hundred (8)
24 At end of worktime a gin's drunk for this? (6)
25 Gnarly elms are round edges of forestation — in woodlands you'll see them (9)
26 One's for digging into deep past perhaps (9)
31 Fancy mosaic, one not containing heavy metal (5)
33 Reach too far again to get stone, and strain (11)
35 The afternoon time all finished? (3)
36 Their innards recently restrung? (5)
38 Jilted male to behave like an old flame (4)
39 Spot in a wood as around about swain? (5)
40 Who might become a blurred streak? (6)
41 Fish drawn out and made to look neat (6)
42 *Very* silent cattle, say? (8)

DOWN

1 Symbiotic, perhaps, didn't 'ave Mac's smell (9)
2 Sort of frame to cover opening of sepulchre (8)
3 Tree of mixed type had sparsely in northern district (8)
4 Taking this from tomb's not lawful — note, it's lawful *not* taking it (5)
5 French chap, weak as a Saint (5)
6 Who'll use oil on the palm to heal burn sore? (8)
7 Goddess: when do we think she'll come up? (3)
8 Point the gun again as it's arm that's unsteady (5)
9 Harpoon: one with point and tapering end in form (6)
11 Tops pimples and ugly spots (3)
17 Nuclei spinning right and left with no force in fast courses (9)
18 This Jap for the most part is brought up outside the East (5)
20 Old winding course covered by Tizer is a frightening one (5) . . .
21 . . . for old fool who'll drink one up (5)
22 Weaken once the last day of fasting could be here (not the first) (8)
25 Hellish area, last place all bad men go, lost and painfully (9)
27 Salt: one pinch Mac has (7)
28 What could rasp dad has around end of face (involving edges of bristle) (10)
29 Nasty fish having a good time amid confusion (5)
30 Where Germans go to eat? (5)
32 Weather report received by chance (7)
34 Go swiftly once little bird is announced (3)
37 Delta did swirl thus? (6)
38 John's Ailie's love? (3)

Solution to Salamanca 91

V	I	T	O	C	O	R	L	E	O	N	E
E	N	S	E	A	R	E	D	Y	U	A	S
H	N	C	M	P	C	D	U	E	T	T	O
M	A	R	I	O	P	U	Z	O	D	O	N
E	P	I	C	S	I	C	I	L	I	A	N
T	O	M	H	A	G	E	N	D	D	A	Y
E	N	S	A	U	N	R	U	F	F	L	E
D	A	T	E	P	A	L	M	A	E	S	C
I	B	O	L	A	R	G	A	C	T	I	L
L	A	W	Y	E	R	O	F	E	W	O	I
E	C	R	U	D	E	F	I	L	A	D	E
T	H	E	G	O	D	F	A	T	H	E	R

Narrative concerns 'The Godfather' by Mario Puzo (whose unchecked letters form the puzzle's title).

Prizewinners to Salamanca 91

Janet Cattell (Brussels, Belgium)
P. Sephton (Crumlin, Co. Antrim)
Judith Willis (Stalybridge, Cheshire)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Weekend competition

No 2862 **Set by E. O. Parrott**

It is rumoured that there is, in India, a man who has deified an English cricketer. Could we have extracts from services or rituals for groups who have deified Michael Heseltine, Shirley Williams, Terry Wogan or some other living public figure? Max. 150 words by 13 March.

No 2859 **Set by E. O. Parrott**

Reversals of biographical role.

Report **By Di Dact**

Most of you appear to be working very diligently this term. There were some original choices of subject matter for your essays — sorry — entries, and they were, by and large, neatly and competently executed. I'm pleased with you all, but can award ten pounds and library privileges for a week only to the following pupils.

Lytton Strachey by Queen Victoria

There are a number of the most *interesting* stories to explain why it was that Mr Strachey chose to be popularly known by his second *given* name rather that by his *Christian* name. Of course not *all* these stories can be true & indeed there are 2 or 3 which any lady must surely hope to be *untrue*. The *least* scurrilous of these tales comes from Dr Fell who tells us that when Mr Strachey was at Trinity College (in Cambridge University) he was *severely reprimanded*, for some under-graduate misdemeanour, by the great Professor Giles Jordison and, ever afterwards, sought to discourage his friends from addressing him as 'Giles'.

This *excessive* reaction to a quite *minor* criticism or rebuke illustrates very clearly a *singular* defect of character.

JOHN STANLEY

Norman by Marilyn Monroe

Norman's a sweet, sweet guy, though like all sensitive, artistic people he has hangups. I should know. I mean he'll sit there drinking like crazy, then have all kinds of wild, fantastic visions.

Times like that, a man needs tender loving care. Oh, don't get me wrong. Norman can be raunchy and want to play house, but all he's really after is a woman to mother him and tickle his feet.

I've heard folks say that Norman sees himself as messianic. That's like a great leader. Well, naturally. Don't they know he's an Aquarian? All Aquarians seek perfection.

He's a deep thinker, too. I mean he'll use words Arthur Miller doesn't know. Too many people only see the bad side of Norman — the violence and all that. Personally, to me it's just the sign of a wrong diet.

Anyway, who wants to be bothered with existential dread? I'd rather curl up on the sofa anytime.

BASIL RANSOME-DAVIES

Hunter Davies by John, Paul, George and Ringo (We all wrote a bit and John drew the pictures.)

Well there was this bloke like. . . and he had a notebook and wrote down everything people said. And he said he liked. . . you know . . . music and all that. He said a lot like.

He was sort of ordinary looking and young but not with it like, 'cos the next book he wrote was about walking along Hadrian's Wall. Didn't Hadrian mind? I don't think Hadrian even knew. You could tell he had brains 'cos he wore corduroy trousers and later on he became famous. Om.

ANNE WATSON

Hilary Spurling by Ivy Compton-Burnett

All biographers are wise after the event: it is their prerogative. The trouble is they are often foolish after it, too; and Hilary Spurling is no exception. How else could she think anyone would be interested in how many houses I paid fire insurance on in 1915?

Poor thing! It is not easy to be called by a man's name, though she could have avoided marrying a Spurling. Hilary Spurling sounds like a boy knitting. She should have called herself Hilda instead. At least, then, one would not be confronted with a vision of a man wielding the tools of a nurse-maid's trade. I once knew a knitting children's nurse called Hilda: she was a murmuring woman, too.

Would a rose by any other name really smell as sweet? I think not. If I were called Hilary I would not feel as sweet; nor if I were called Hilda, either.

MAY DAY

Bernard Crick by George Orwell

At his nauseatingly dingy prep school Bernard suffered agonies of shame over his surname. 'The trouble with Crick,' older boys would snigger, 'is that he's a pain in the neck.' One of his contemporaries recalls: 'Poor Bernie used to get a frightful ribbing. One chant I remember went "Crick, Crick, makes you sick, kick his balls, the little prick!"' It is quite impossible to convey in sober English prose the misery one can experience as the only sandal-wearing vegetarian in a school of three hundred boys. Only a dog-eared copy of *Homage to Catalonia*, devoured by torchlight under the stinking bedclothes while the other boys indulged in unspeakable perversions, kept his essentially decent English socialism intact.

PETER NORMAN

★ Classified Ads ★ Phone 01-251 5487 ★

BOOKS/ PUBLICATIONS

AUTHORS INVITED submit Manuscripts. All types (including Poems) for book publication. *Reasonable terms.* Stockwell Ltd, Ilfracombe, Devon. (Established 1898).

ECONOMICS COLLECTIONS BOUGHT Also review copies. Politics, History, Sociology, ECONOMISTS' BOOKSHOP Secondhand Dept. Ring for appointment. 01-405 8643.

REVIEW COPIES and other books in fine condition bought and sold by Vermilion Books, 57 Red Lion St, London WC1. Tel: 01-242 5822.

SECONDHAND BOOKS wanted all types and quantities. Clifton Books, Southend (0702) 331004.

SERVICES

PIANO TUNER and repairer. Denys Parsons MSc. turns up punctually. NW3/5/11; N2/6/8/10/19 only. 01-340 4695.

QUALITY TYPING. English, German, French. Moderate charges. Anne Shotts: 01-452 6617.

THE TYPING POOL a women's co-operative. Professional low cost typing of articles, thesis, letters etc. from script or tape. Translation and typing of French, German, Spanish and Italian. Central London. Tel: 01-430 0381.

ACCOMMODATION

ACADEMICS VISITING. We have furnished flats near British Museum and Universities — Helen Watson & Co. 01-580 6275.

APPOINTMENTS

THE SOCIALIST GROUP OF THE EUROPEAN PARLIAMENT

has vacancies for secretaries of English mother-tongue with very good shorthand and typing in English to work in its secretariat in BRUSSELS. Proven professional experience and a working knowledge of French is essential and a knowledge of German or other Community Languages an asset. Recruitment will be at Grade C3 of the European Community institutions. The Socialist Group is an equal opportunities employer. Written applications with c.v. and photograph by **29 March 1985** to:

The Secretary-General, Socialist Group, European Parliament, Plateau du Kirchberg, L-2929 LUXEMBOURG

with a copy to:

The Secretary, British Labour Group, European Parliament, 2 Queen Anne's Gate, LONDON SW1H 9AA.

THE SOCIALIST GROUP OF THE EUROPEAN PARLIAMENT

Applications are invited for administrative posts on the staff of the Socialist Group of the European Parliament.

Candidates must have a university degree or equivalent professional qualification and must be prepared to work based in Brussels. They must have a very good knowledge of at least one other working Language of the Community, apart from English; knowledge of further Languages will be taken into account. Recruitment will be at Grade A7 of the European Community institutions.

Membership of the Labour Party is a pre-requisite.

The Socialist Group is an equal opportunities employer. Further information will be sent on request.

Applications should be sent, with a full c.v. and photograph, by **29 March 1985**, to:

The Secretary, British Labour Group, European Parliament, 2 Queen Anne's Gate, LONDON SW1H 9AA

with a copy to:

The Secretary General, Socialist Group, European Parliament, Plateau du Kirchberg, L-2929 LUXEMBOURG

RUSKIN COLLEGE OXFORD

Applications are invited for the post of **Tutor in Politics** vacant October 1985. Ability to teach both theoretical and applied politics is required. Preference will be given to applicants who have specialised in Development issues.

University Lecturer scale. U.S.S.

Further particulars from The Principal.

OV SELECTION have a number of vacancies for temporary & permanent office staff with typing skills. We welcome enquiries from mature people as well as College leavers. Phone Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy), Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345.

FINANCIAL

IMMEDIATE ADVANCES £100-£25,000. Written terms on request. Regional Trust Ltd, 31 Dover St, London W1A 4RT. 01-491 2934.

SALARIED PERSONS Postal Loans Ltd. Loans from £50. 175 Regent Street, London W1. For written quote apply: Tel. 01-734 1974.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SEMINAR

German Historical Institute, London

Tuesday 5 March 5 p.m.

Dr Wilhelm Deist (Frieburg)

The Collapse of the German Army in 1918.

17 Bloomsbury Square
London WC1A 2LP
01-404 5486

Tea from 4.30 p.m.

Seminar starts 5 p.m.

THERAPY

EXPERIENCED, CARING PSYCHOTHERAPISTS. 01-794 6810, 01-586 4109, 01-883 5418.

ONGOING MIXED Counselling group using transactional analysis, Mon. evenings, West London. Details: 01-385 0428.

TENSE? SUFFER from stress, muscular pain or insomia? Experienced acupressurist and masseuse, skilled in shiatsu. Elise 01-722 9887.

PERSONAL

BORN FEBRUARY 3, 1952? Named Roger Kemball? You have siblings. Call Kessingland 741648.

OPEN MINDS? Open Secrets.

PURSUITS

ATTRACTIVE UNDERGRADUATE, single mother, interested in the arts, own home Islington, seeks non-smoking, professional guy (30s), especially Chinese, Latin, to share friendship, family life. Box (09)0349.

EDUCATED, PERSONABLE Indian woman, 40s, would like to meet educated, professional people, English and European, age no bar, for friendship. Box (09)0347.

JEWISH GENTLEMAN, sincere, reliable, fit, healthy 60. Divorced, Continental born. Hobbies — reading, walking, playing cards. Wishes meet refined, reasonably solvent Jewish lady, view marriage. Box (09) 0346.

MALE GRADUATE 25, classical music lover, seeks similar friends for concert, opera, theatre visits; also correspondence or friendship with Italian speakers. Merseyside/Manchester. Box (09)0357.

PLEASANT AMATEUR photographer and quasi-polymath, would like to hear from vivacious, artistic, boney girl interested in modelling, in David Hamilton style studies. Box (09)0348.

FRIENDS

ALL OVER THE WORLD

would like to correspond with you. Friendship, language, travels, marriage, etc.

Request free brochure:

LES AMIS DU COURRIER
International Pen-Friend Club
Rue Bovière 18, 4050 ESNEUX
BELGIUM

HOLIDAYS/TRAVEL

CHEAPEST FARES. Paris, Caracas, Port of Spain, Singapore, Sydney, Hong Kong, Jo'burg, Nairobi, Istanbul, anywhere. Fareplan, 60-66 Wardour Street, W1. 01-734 9772.

COACH HOLIDAYS 1985

ITALY — LAKE GARDA from £98: departures: EASTER April 6: April 27: May 25: June 15: June 29 Aug 17: Sept 6: Sept 28: Oct 19

YUGOSLAVIA from £145 full board: departures: May 11: May 18: May 25: June 8: June 28: Jul 6: Aug 3: Aug 17: Aug 28: Oct 12

Send to: FAIRMONT TOURS
67 High St, HECKMONDWIKE
West Yorks WF16 0AD
TEL: 0924-401739

CUBA SPECIAL. Two weeks holiday including six day tour plus seven days hotel beach resort. Departing 7 April and 26 May. £595 per person. Must book now. Ashley Holidays, 131a Bawtry Rd, Wickersley, Rotherham. 0709 543626.

JOURNEY LATIN AMERICA. Low cost flights, holiday journeys. 3-6 weeks. JLA, 16 Devonshire Road, London W4 2HD. 01-747 3108.

LUXURY CHEAP HOLIDAYS!

Rent or exchange a family home in **Holl., France, Italy, Europe, USA,** etc. Large internat. circle of teachers, MDs. Letting of your (2nd) home, paying guest arrang. also possible. **Drs N.S. Binkhuysen, Home Holidays, POB 279, 1900 AG Castricum/Holland.**

PROPERTY

IDEAL FOR New Statesperson(s), inner city Sheffield: tastefully modernised, much loved terrace, 2 beds, 1 box room. Offers around £9,900 +. Tel: John 0742 25985, or write 6 Burngreave Bank, Sheffield 4 for brochure.

DOMESTIC HELP

SUNNY, SENSIBLE & SELF-RELIANT Mother's Help urgently needed by Naseem Khan (NS: Work in Progress) to backstop with Amelia (10), George (8), cat and under-organised home. Non-smoker, driver. Own balcony room, bath, TV. 01-435 6105 (or answerphone, if necessary 01-794 9640).

DEATH

SETON HESSON Marie. Dear and beloved friend, died suddenly a few hours after entering hospital on Sunday 17 February, 1985. Cremation Golders Green, today, Friday (1 Mar.) 2.50 pm. No flowers by request. Donations to Oxfam.

bullboard

Enquiries 01-251 5487

Theatre

NATIONAL THEATRE 01-928 2252 Olivier (open stage) 'The Government Inspector', 'A Little Hotel on the Side', 'The Ancient Mariner', 'Coriolanus'. Lyttelton (proscenium stage) 'The Road to Mecca', 'She Stoops to Conquer'. Cottesloe (small auditorium) 'Glengarry Glen Ross'. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 01-928 2256.

ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY
01-628 8795/638 8891 24hr info 628 2295
BARBICAN THEATRE
4-9 March — RSC/ROYAL INSURANCE ARMCHAIR PROMS — All Stalls Seat £4 — personal booking from 8.30am.
TWELFTH NIGHT — 4, 5 March
THE COMEDY OF ERRORS — 6, 7 March (Thurs mat full price)
MOTHER COURAGE — 8, 9 March (Sat eve full price)
THE PIT
THE DEVILS by John Whiting — 1-5 March

HALF MOON THEATRE 213 Mile End Rd, E1. 01-790 4000. 'SCRAP!' — a political thriller by Bill Morrison. Mons-Sats 8pm, 1 Mar 7pm, Sat. mats 4pm.

Music

LATIN AMERICAN Records and cassettes. Music from Chile, Nicaragua, El Salvador, Uruguay etc. Send large SAE for free catalogue to LMS, 8 Bradbury Street, London N.16. Tel 01-249 3334.

EASTER TRAVEL BARGAINS

PISA, FLORENCE, ROME, ELBA . . .£135
5-14 April (21-29 Sept.).
PRAGUE & KARLOVY VARY . . .£160
6-13 April (13-20 July).
LENINGRAD via GDR . . .£195
30 March-11 April (12-24 August).
PYRENEES, ANDORRA, LOURDES . . .£135
6-14 April
Highlights the spectacular mountain scenery.

SPRING BANK HOLIDAY TRIPS

YUGOSLAVIA . . .£165, 26 May-7 June.
ALBANIA . . . £240, 26 May-7 June.
OSLO, BERGEN & THE FJORDS . . .£160
25 May-2 June.

SUMMER ATTRACTIONS

MOSCOW BY TRAIN . . .£190.
11 day holidays leaving every Tuesday from 9 July to 17 September.
ORIENT EXPRESS to the BLACK SEA . . .£155.
Dates as Moscow.

Write for our 1985 BROCHURE. NOW!
Please inform us which country you wish to visit.

YORKSHIRE TOURS
49 Thornton Lodge Road
Huddersfield HD1 3JQ.
Tel: 0484 24269

LISTINGS

FRI 1 MAR

LONDON Benefit concert for the miners 8pm Hampstead Town Hall. Adm. £3/£1.50 UB40. Starring 'Poison Girls', 'Newtown Neurotics', Steve Lake. Bar/food. **Org. Holborn, St. Pancras & Finsbury Miners Support Grp.**

SAT 2 MAR

LONDON SACU Bookfair to sell for not more than 20p each their huge surplus of books on China. 11am-4pm 152 Camden High St, NW1. **Details: 01-485 8236.**

LONDON Meeting to set up a Nuclear Weapons Freeze Grp. for London region. 12.45-4.30pm Rm. 3A Uni. of London Union, Malet St, WC1. Spkrs. incl. Sheila Oakes, Sec. Nat. Peace Cncl., Dr. Andy Haines, Medical Campaign against Nuclear Weapons. **Org. Nuclear Weapons Freeze Clearing House, 82 Colston St, Bristol BS1 5BB 0272 276435.**

LONDON Miners Benefit 8pm Swiss Cottage Community Centre, 19 Winchester Rd, NW3. Disabled access/band, bar, food. Adm. £3/£1.50 UB40. **Org. Hampstead & Highgate Labour Party. Details: Andy Gregg 01-586 5272.**

SUN 3 MAR

LONDON Music for Peace in aid of END performed by specially formed orchestra of London's leading Baroque Musicians. 7.30pm St. James's Chuch, Piccadilly, W1. Adm. £2.50/£1.50 UB40. **Details: 01-995 8544.**

HORNSEY Molesworth Pledge Bus — plans for next visit and NVDA experience-sharing session. **Details: Simon or Lynne for time and place. 01-341 7116.**

TUES 5 MAR

LONDON 'Cruisewatch' Paul Scott describes the campaign with video and discn. 8pm Hornsey Library, Haringey Park Rd, Crouch End N8. Wheelchair access. **Org. Hornsey END.**

LONDON 'Why there can be no going back' — 2 striking Notts miners talk about the 11 month struggle to save jobs, and communities. 12.30pm St. James's Church, 197 Piccadilly, W1. **Details: 01-734 4511.**

WED 6 MAR

LONDON National march, rally and festival for local services and jobs. Assemble 11.30 Malet Street, Gordon Sq, WC1. Live bands on South Bank from 3pm-10pm. **Org. TUC/local authorities and community groups. Details: 01-387 9893.**

LONDON 'Rock against Rate-capping' concert with Misty in Roots, Redskins and The Guest Stars 3pm-5.30pm Royal Festival Hall. Free tickets available at Malet St & South Bank.

LONDON Evening of folk music with Ewan MacColl, Peggy Seeger etc. 7.30pm-10pm Queen Elizabeth Hall. Letters requesting free tickets (max. 4) send with s.a.e. to Royal Festival Hall, South Bank, SE1. Seats allocated in order of applications received.

LONDON South African Congress of TUs 30th Anniversary Commemoration 7pm Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, WC1.

THURS 7 MAR

NOTTINGHAM Lesbians' & Gay Mens' Meeting 7.30pm International Community Centre, Mansfield Rd. Org. by City Council as part of Equal Opportunities Policy. Meeting will elect reps to Lesbian & Gay Sub-Cttee. of Equal Opportunities. **Details: Equal Opportunities Unit, Guildhall 0602 401571.**

Sorry, but we can't accept entries over the phone. Entries must be received by Friday preceding issue date. We reserve the right to exclude items without giving reasons and are not responsible for errors. Space is strictly limited so if you definitely want your item to appear, we suggest you book it as an ad under the appropriate classified heading. See main heading for rates, etc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GLASGOW UNIVERSITY
CENTRE FOR
SOCIALIST THEORIES & MOVEMENTS
INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE

HAS SOCIALISM A FUTURE?

8 – 12 APRIL 1985
GLASGOW UNIVERSITY : ADAM SMITH BUILDING

Conference Theme: European Social Democratic attempts to regulate market economy within the world division of labour to the advantage of the working-class seem to have exhausted their promise and potential. Do the 1983 election results of Britain and Germany represent popular recognition of this? The USSR is widely regarded, domestically and abroad, as representing no 'model' of socialism. If this is all true does it vindicate the Mises-Hayek thesis that socialism is impossible? Or on the other hand, does it vindicate the thesis of Marx that between the market and the society of freely associated producers there is no third way?

Socialist Political Strategy
LEO PANITCH
IMMANUAL WALLERSTEIN
BERTELL OLLMAN
NIGEL HARRIS

Nature of Socialist Society
MICHAEL BARRATT BROWN
MICHAEL LÖWY
G.A.E. SMITH

Philosophy of Socialism
CHRIS ARTHUR
ANDREW GAMBLE
TED NINNIS
SCOTT MEIKLE

Transition from Market to Socialist Society
ISTVAN MESZAROS
ERNEST MANDEL
HILLEL TICKTIN
MILTON FISK

Socialist Society and the Market
RICHARD B. DAY
ALEX CALLINICOS
SIMON MOHUN
DIANE ELSON

Crisis of Social Democracy
SIMON CLARKE
A. GUNDER FRANK
GEOFF PILLING
JAMES PETRAS

For further details and registration form please write to: Conference Organiser, Centre for Socialist Theory & Movements, c/o Philosophy Dept., Glasgow University, Glasgow G12 8QQ, UK.

MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON GOLDSMITHS' COLLEGE

THE DREAM OF EDUCATION FOR ALL — IS IT OVER?

The Ian Gulland Memorial Lecture
given by
STUART HALL
Professor of Sociology, Open University
TUESDAY, 12 MARCH 7 p.m.
in the Science Lecture Theatre
GOLDSMITHS' COLLEGE,
Lewisham Way, New Cross,
London SE14 6NW.

ADMISSION FREE

CRUISE ALERT! Free meeting Woolwich Public Hall, Market St, SE18, 15 March 8 p.m. Greenham, Molesworth, Representatives. Owen Greene (SANA), Pat Arrowsmith. Bar, Music. Greenwich CND 01-691 4128.

LONDON/WALES CONGRESS *9 March*, County Hall, SE1 10am-4pm. £4 waged, £2 unwaged (including lunch). Speakers: Ken Livingstone. Illtyd Harrington, Dafydd Elis Thomas MP. Ann Clwyd MP & Cath Jones (South Wales Women's Support Group). Chair: Dr Hywel Francis. plus Workshops.

TUC
LOCAL GOVERNMENT ACTION DAY
6 March
"Say yes to local say, jobs and services"
7.30 pm Queen Elizabeth Hall
EWAN MACCOLL & PEGGY SEEGER
+ Special Guests
Special Free Concert. For Tickets (max 4) write, with s.a.e. to **Royal Festival Hall Box Office, South Bank, London SE1** (subject to availability)

PUBLIC MEETING. Porchester Hall, Porchester Road, W2. Thursday 7 March, 8 pm. 'Energy — Why The Miners Are Right.' Colin Sweet, Director of Energy Studies, Southbank Polytechnic; Giles Chichester, Conservative Spokesman. Organised by East Chelsea Branch, Chelsea Constituency Labour Party.

REPUBLICANISM LIVES. Let's replace heredity and privilege in government by really democratic alternatives. Come to REPUBLIC's 3rd AGM and Events, Sunday 10 March 1985, 10-4, County Hall, London SE1. All welcome. No charge. Programme from: REPUBLIC, c/o 55A Netley Rd, Ilford, IG2 7NR.

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for free pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Public talk Sunday 3 March 8 p.m. 'Sleep and Dreams'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

HEARTSEARCH

ARE YOU a lively minded individual, 18-80, enjoying the arts, discussions, conferences, rambles, dancing? The Progressive League caters for Mind, Body and intellectual Stimulus. And it's so cheap. Ring 01-452 8358.

ATTRACTIVE, INTELLIGENT, caring, sociable woman, 36, divorced, tall, slim, feminine, would like to meet tall, intelligent, attractive, caring man, 40s. London, England? Box (09)0378.

ATTRACTIVE MALE teacher, 41, but still vertical, not mirror-distructive, likes classical music, France, hot beaches etc., seeks similar tall, thin lady. Photo appreciated. Disability welcome. Box (09)0337.

ATTRACTIVE, PROFESSIONAL man (58), loves arts, seeks attractive, sensual, non-smoking woman, slim/medium (any age to 53), any race/circumstance for warm friendship/enjoyments. Pref. London/surrounding area. Box (06)0229.

CARIBBEAN GRADUATE, female 33, loves countryside, theatre, cinema, seeks male for lasting relationship. Any nationality. Box (08)0309.

CRI DU COEUR: —
ADAM — ARE YOU THERE?

Let's walk on air! I want to share again, care again, live — in love!

Not some egotrip or tempestuous affaire, but *stay and grow together. . .*

I am versatile, very accomplished, professionally distinguished, vivacious, *attractive, widely travelled; despite past* tragedy & pain emotionally wholesome, incurably romantic.

You must be eligible, highly educated & cultured, capable (& unafraid) of deep feelings, generous, successful, charming (non-smoker) probably a mid-pentagenarian, certainly mature — still youthfully impetuous. Please write fully in confidence with photo — reply guaranteed.

Box (09)0375.

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs and firm, lasting relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details: Dateline Computer Dating, Dept. (7NS), 23 Abingdon Rd, London W8. Tel. 01-938 1011.

DO YOU agree that life is too short to waste? Lively, but lonely single woman (33), seeks similar non-smoking male, for honest friendship. I love music, people, words, fun, spontaneity and the intangible. Leeds area. Box (09)0342.

EARLY FORTIES woman seeks physical relationship, with considerate, easy-going man. Box (09)0336.

FEMALE, 40, lecturer, divorced, seeks tall, attractive, professional male, 40s, sense of humour, to share interests like eating out, cinema, theatre, music, conversation. Merseyside. Box (08)0302.

HELEN OF TROY lives! Alive and well, disguised as a podgy dwarf on a post-war housing estate. Socialist males 35-50, your chance to meet a living legend! Box (09)0354.

IBIZA BOUND guy, 39, tall, fit, travelled humanist — new age entrepreneur, alternative lifestyle. Nature/arts/philosophy my opiate, seeks aware, intelligent, slim girl soulmate. Box (09)0339.

I DON'T want to rock the marital boat, but I do need the occasional diversion. So would a diverting, good-tempered man (50ish, London area), write to Box (09)0379.

IRISH GUY, 33, intelligent, solvent, interesting Gemini, living Bloomsbury, seeks intelligent, assertive female with interests, feelings and needs. Please ring 01-837 2052.

IS THERE an unattached female in the NE, who would like to meet a friendly graduate (25)? Not exactly Redford, but reasonable! Non-smoker please. Box (08)0286.

LADY — age 39, O.U. undergraduate, ex-British tennis International, ex-teacher of PE, divorced, interests: music, politics & theatre. Seeks friend in letters with view to meetings. Box (09)0359.

LADY PROFESSIONAL, young 53, refined, eclectic, attractive, widely travelled, Sri Lankan origin, US citizen nr San Francisco, interested moving to UK, seeks educated, cultured gentleman for caring, sharing relationship, who may wish to live in the US for 3-4 years and return or if needed, I relocate soon as feasible. Replies confidential. Write 2226 Oak Grove Road, 144, Walnut Creek, California 94598.

LEICESTER: PROFESSIONAL woman early 40s, *well established with the usual success* symbols, eclectic tastes, left politics seeks similar man for caring, sharing, lasting relationship. Box (09)0343.

LONDON BASED professional woman, mid forties, seeks professional man, 40-60, to share arts, travel, cinema and caring relationship. Non-smoker please. Box (06)0240.

LONDON MALE, 40s, interests general, countryside, conversations, doing things together, science etc, seeks interesting, attractive, broad-minded female, possibly with business or academic background, view serious relationship. Box (09)0345.

MALE ACADEMIC, 34, seeks slim, attractive, socialist female, under 35, into films, theatre, books for stimulating relationship. East Midlands. Box (09)0364.

MALE, 22, would like to befriend anyone and everyone sincere and friendly. Be on my side, I'll be on your side. Please write Box (09)0340.

MARRIAGE MINDED women 18 to 45, American men would like to correspond and meet you. Send details and photo. Reg. free. Also men 25 to 60, photo, details please. To Sterling Enterprise, 1075 Space Park Way 245, Mt View, California 94040, USA.

MY DEAR, don't dream about dollybirds. Consider instead the discreet charms and quiet delights of a mature woman of calm, cheerful disposition and pleasant appearance. Think of sharing an outwardly simple, inwardly rich, non-aggressive life-style, a creative interest in the home, the arts, and in politics from Red-to-Green. If you're a tall, unattached, clever socialist man of 50-60, and tempted, don't dream, just write. Box (09)0360.

PHYSICIAN'S ENGLISH widow, no ties; personable, slim, 50s, seeks gentleman hopefully for lasting companionship, and eventual caring affection. Should be successful, solvent, secure and steadfast. 50 yrs on. London. Box (09)0353.

PLAYWRIGHT, 34, Westminster, London: wishes to meet women for visits to theatres, films, etc., friendship and perhaps more. Box (08) 0287.

PROFESSIONAL/BUSINESS gentleman 40s, attractive Asian origin, Westernised, London, interests: travel, dining, companionship, seeks attractive, warm, understanding female, 20-35, for intimate, sincere friendship. Box (09)0351.

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN *Graduate, single,* 47, mellowed left-wing, interested everything bar sport and domesticity, loves boats, London, the arts, jazz, travel, moorland, driving, the sea, sampling different cuisines. Has irreverent sense of humour and love of language, enjoys puns etc., seeks similar man 45-55 preferably London/Essex. Box (08)0299.

SLIM, ATTRACTIVE female, 28, 5' 8", into humour, music, arts & socialism, seeks similar non-smoking male. W. Yorks. Photo appreciated. Box (09)0341.

THE MARRIAGE BUREAU (Heather Jenner). 124 New Bond Street, W1. 01-629 9634. Consult us for individual attention.

'THE NEEDS of Strangers'. Warm, spirited, cosmopolitan London woman is travelling hopefully in search of mature, amiable, intelligent, cultured male friend and weekend companion. Box (09)0363.

VERY TALL Lancashireman, 39, lives SE London, homosexual, bearded, attractively masculine appearance, likes swimming, walking, arts, homelife, seeks similar man, 30-45, interested in committed friendship. Box (09)0355.

WARM, CUDDLY S. London male, 40, major interests early music, active politics, seeks sympathetic female 30s+, with a view to friendship (+?) and good times together. Box (09)0358.

WOMAN SCIENTIST, University lecturer, early 40s, London, seeks man of similar age, for company at concerts, films, country walks etc. Box (09)0338.

YOUNGISH PROFESSIONAL lady, based London (teacher and social worker), seeks male companion. Intellectual and political interests. Box (09)0344.

ZIMBABWE BECKONS. Divorced lecturer, early 50s, invites warm, attractive woman, age unimportant, to join him in a new challenging venture where marital status is necessary. Only genuinely interested and committed respondents please. Box (09)0356.

Incorporating 'The Nation', 'The Athenaeum' and 'The Week-end Review'. Registered as a newspaper. Typesetting by Sirron Typesetting, 14a Clerkenwell Green, London EC1R 0DP.
Printed by Benham & Co Ltd, Sheepen Place, Colchester CO3 3LH. Published by The Statesman & Nation Publishing Co. Ltd at 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU.
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED